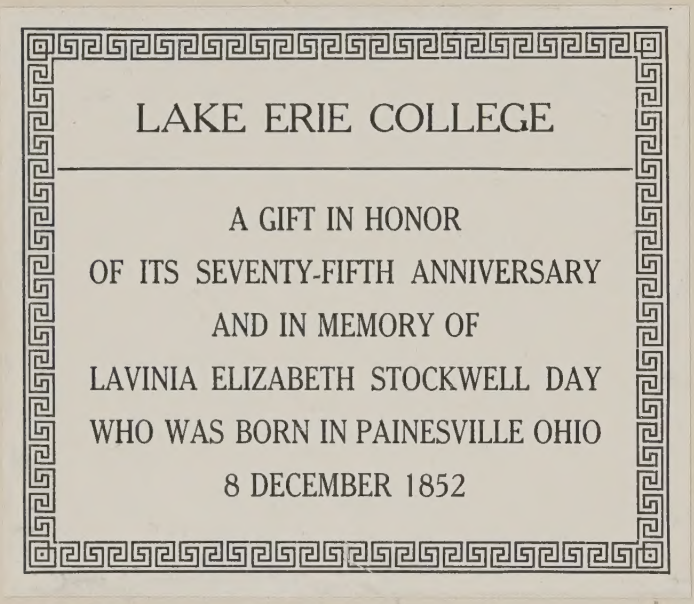
The Grateful Elephant

And Other Stories

Eugene Watson Burlingame

with Illustrations by Dorothy P. Lathrop


LAKE ERIE COLLEGE
A GIFT IN HONOR
OF ITS SEVENTY-FIFTH ANNIVERSARY
AND IN MEMORY OF
LAVINIA ELIZABETH STOCKWELL DAY
WHO WAS BORN IN PAINESVILLE OHIO
8 DECEMBER 1852

The Grateful Elephant

By the same author:

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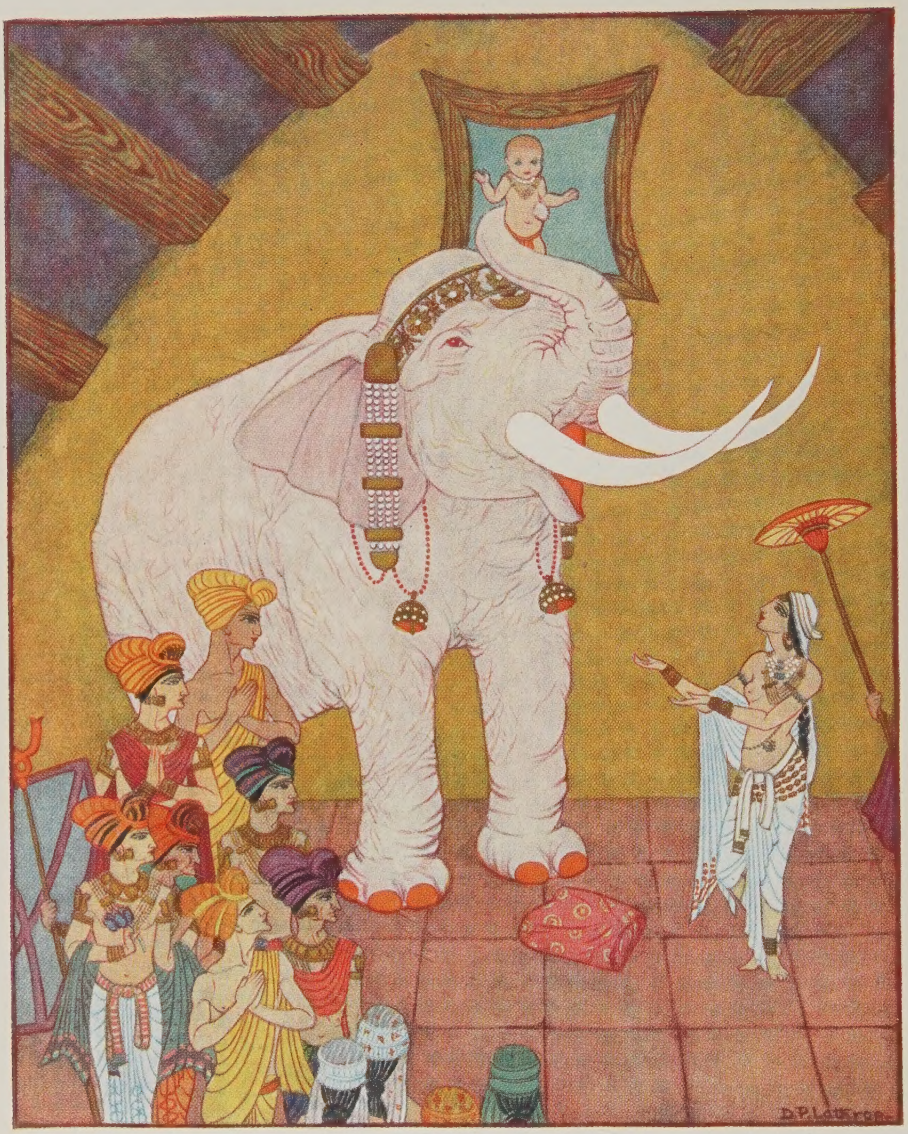

Then the elephant with his trunk caressed the Future Buddha and lifted him up.

The Grateful Elephant

And Other Stories Translated from the Pāli

By Eugene Watson Burlingame

with Illustrations by Dorothy Lathrop

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To my nephew Westcott

25718

THIS *book contains twenty-six stories selected from the author's larger work* Buddhist Parables, *Yale University Press, 1922. The translation is a close, idiomatic rendering of the original Pāli text. In a few cases, words and phrases have been softened, and sentences have been omitted. In Story 1, two whole paragraphs which interrupt the progress of the story have been omitted. The author has not, however, "written down" any of the stories in order to remove such difficulties as the original translation may present to the child.*

Note on Pronunciation of Pāli Names.

THE quantity of vowels is marked throughout. Short *a* is pronounced like *u* in *but,* long *ā* like *a* in *father,* long *ī* like *ee* in *see,* long *ū* like *oo* in *too,* short *i* and short *u* differing from the corresponding long vowels not in sound but in length. The *u* in *Buddha,* for example, is short. Simple consonants are pronounced as in English, except that *c* is pronounced like *ch* in *church, g* as in *get,* and *j* as in *judge.* Combinations like *th* and *dh* should be pronounced as in *hothouse* and *madhouse.* Names containing underdotted letters have been eliminated. A syllable is said to be long if it contains either a long vowel, or a short vowel followed by two consonants (except a consonant followed by *h*). Words of three or more syllables are accented on the second syllable from the last, provided the next to the last syllable is short, as *Gótama, Mállika.* If the next to the last syllable is long, it receives the accent, as *Brahmadátta, Nibbāna.*

Contents.

		PAGE
Note on pronunciation of Pāli names		viii
List of illustrations		xiii
Introduction		xv
Note on the illustrations		xxix
1. The grateful elephant *Where there's a will, there's a way*	Jā. 156 : ii. 17	1
2. Grateful animals and ungrateful man *Driftwood is worth more than some men*	Jā. 73 : i. 322	9
3. Elephant and ungrateful forester *The whole earth will not satisfy an ungrateful man*	Jā. 72 : i. 319	19
4. Quail, crow, fly, frog, and elephants *The biter bit*	Jā. 357 : iii. 174	26
5. Quails and fowler *In union there is strength*	Jā. 33 : i. 208	30
6. Brahmadatta and the prince *Love your enemies*	Vin. i. 342	33
7. Antelope, woodpecker, tortoise, and hunter *In union there is strength*	Jā. 206 : ii. 152	48

Contents

			PAGE
8.	Brahmadatta and Mallika *Overcome evil with good*	Jā. 151 : ii. 1	52
9.	A Buddhist Tar-baby *Keep the Precepts*	Jā. 55 : i. 272	58
10.	Vedabbha and the thieves *Cupidity is the root of ruin*	Jā. 48 : i. 252	64
11.	The anger-eating ogre *Refrain from anger*	S. i. 237	72
12.	The patient woman *Patient is as patient does*	M. 21 : i. 125	75
13.	Blind men and elephant *Avoid vain wrangling*	Udāna, 66	79
14.	King and boar *Evil communications corrupt good manners*		83
	Part 1. Gem, hatchet, drum, and bowl	Jā. 186 : ii. 101	
	Part 2. Corrupt fruit from a good tree	Jā. 186 : ii. 104	
15.	A Buddhist Henny-Penny *Much ado about nothing*	Jā. 322 : iii. 74	92
16.	The birds (cf. 17) *Nobody loves a beggar*	Vin. iii. 147	97

Contents

PAGE

17. Dragon Jewel-neck 99

Nobody loves a beggar

A. Canonical version Vin. iii. 145
B. Uncanonical version Jā. 253 : ii. 283

18. Snake-charm 107

A blessing upon all living beings!

A. Canonical version Vin. ii. 109
B. Uncanonical version Jā. 203 : ii. 144

19. Partridge, monkey, and elephant 114

Reverence your elders

A. Canonical version Vin. ii. 161
B. Uncanonical version Jā. 37 : i. 217

20. The hawk 119

Walk not in forbidden ground

A. Canonical version S. v. 146
B. Uncanonical version Jā. 168 : ii. 58

21. How not to hit an insect 124

Better an enemy with sense than a friend without it

A. Boy and mosquito Jā. 44 : i. 246
B. Girl and fly Jā. 45 : i. 248

22. Monkey-gardeners 129

Misdirected effort spells failure

A. One-stanza version Jā. 46 : i. 249
B. Three-stanza version Jā. 268 : ii. 345

PAGE

23. Two dicers 135
Take care!
A. Canonical version D. ii. 348
B. Uncanonical version Jā. 91 : i. 379

24. Two caravan-leaders 138
Be prudent!
A. Canonical version D. ii. 342
B. Uncanonical version Jā. 1 : i. 95

25. Boar and lion Kathāsaritsāgara, 72 154
Eat me, O lion!

26. Fairy-prince and griffin
Kathāsaritsāgara, 22 and 90 157
Eat me, O griffin!

Glossary 169

List of Illustrations.

Story	*Facing*
1. The grateful elephant	*Title-page*
Then the elephant with his trunk caressed the Future Buddha and lifted him up	
2. Grateful animals and ungrateful man	12
Thus did those four persons travel together, swept along by the river	
3. Elephant and ungrateful forester	22
The man actually cut off his two principal tusks!	
7. Antelope, woodpecker, tortoise, and hunter	50
At that moment the tortoise had chewed all of the strips except just one strap	
9. A Buddhist Tar-baby	60
Then he hit him with a spear	
11. The anger-eating ogre	72
"Here, Sire, a certain ogre, ill-favored, dwarfish, sits in your seat"	
14. King and boar	86
He bit the gem, and by its magical power rose into the air	
15. A Buddhist Henny-Penny	96
So taking the little hare on his back, he sprang forward with the speed of a lion	

List of Illustrations

Story *Facing*

17. Dragon Jewel-neck 104

Every day Jewel-neck the dragon-king would encircle him with his coils

22. Monkey-gardeners 130

"When you water the young trees, pull them up by the roots, every one"

Introduction.

THESE stories are said to have been related by Gotama Buddha for the purpose of conveying to his hearers moral and religious lessons and the lessons of common sense.

Gotama Buddha was born nearly twenty-five centuries ago in the city of Kapila, in Northeast India. Kapila was the principal city of the Sakya tribe, and his father was king of the tribe. *Gotama* was his family name. *Buddha* means *Awakened* or *Enlightened,* that is to say, awakened or enlightened to the cause and the cure of human suffering.

The Buddhist Scriptures tell us that when Gotama was born, the angels rejoiced and sang. An aged wise man inquired: "Why doth the company of angels rejoice?" They replied: "He that shall become Buddha is born in the village of the Sakyas for the welfare and happiness of mankind; therefore are we joyful and exceeding glad."

The wise man hastened to the king's house, and said: "Where is the child? I, too, wish to see him." They showed him the child. When he saw the child, he rejoiced and was exceeding glad. And he took him in his arms, and said: "Without an equal is he! foremost among men!" Then, because he was an old

man, and knew that he was soon to die, he became sorrowful and wept tears.

Said the Sakyas: "Will any harm come to the child?" "No," replied the wise man, "this child shall one day become Buddha; out of love and pity for mankind he shall set in motion the Wheel of Religion; far and wide shall his religion be spread. But as for me, I have not long to live; before these things shall come to pass, death will be upon me. Therefore am I stricken with woe, overwhelmed with sorrow, afflicted with grief."

Seven days after Gotama was born, his mother died, and he was brought up by his aunt and stepmother. When he was nineteen years old, he married his own cousin. For ten years he lived a life of ease, in the enjoyment of all the comforts and luxuries which riches and high position could give him. When he was twenty-nine years old, a change came over him.

For many centuries, it has been a common belief in India that when a human being dies, he is at once born again. If he has lived a good life, he will be born again on earth as the child of a king or of a rich man, or in one of the heavens as a god. If he has lived an evil life, he will be born again as a ghost, or as an animal, or in some place of torment.

According to this belief, every person has been born and has lived and died so many times that it would be impossible to count the number. Indeed, so far back into the past does this series of lives extend that it is impossible even to imagine a beginning of the series. What is more to the point, in each of these lives every person has endured much suffering and misery.

Said the Buddha: "In weeping over the death of sons and daughters and other dear ones, every person, in the course of his past lives, has shed tears more abundant than all the water contained in the four great oceans."

And again: "The bones left by a single person in the course of his past lives would form a pile so huge that were all the mountains to be gathered up and piled in a heap, that heap of mountains would appear as nothing beside it."

And again: "The head of every person has been cut off so many times in the course of his past lives, either as a human being or as an animal, as to cause him to shed blood more abundant than all the water contained in the four great oceans."

Nothing more terrible than this can be imagined. Yet for many centuries it has been a common belief in India. Wise men taught that there was a way of

escape, a way of salvation. If a person wished to avoid repeated lives of suffering and misery, he must leave home and family and friends, become a monk, and devote himself to fasting, bodily torture, and meditation.

The Buddhist Scriptures tell us that when Gotama was twenty-nine years old, he saw for the first time an Old Man, a Sick Man, a Dead Man, and a Monk. The thought that in the course of his past lives he had endured old age, sickness, and death, times without number, terrified him, and he resolved to become a monk.

Leaving home and wife and son, he devoted himself for six years to fasting, bodily torture, and meditation. Finally he became convinced that fasting and bodily torture were not the way of salvation, and abandoned the struggle. One night he had a wonderful experience. First he saw the entire course of his past lives. Next he saw the fate after death of all living beings. Finally he came to understand the cause of human suffering and the cure for it.

Thus it was that he became Buddha, the Awakened, the Enlightened. He saw that the cause of rebirth and suffering was craving for worldly pleasures and life and riches. He saw that if this craving were uprooted, rebirth and suffering would come to

an end. He saw that this craving could be uprooted by right belief, right living, and meditation.

For forty-five years the Buddha journeyed from place to place, preaching and teaching. He founded an order of monks and nuns, and won many converts. He lived to be eighty years old. Missionaries carried his teachings from India to Ceylon and Burma and China and Tibet and Japan. In a few hundred years the religion of the Buddha had spread over the whole of Asia. Hundreds of millions of human beings have accepted his teachings.

In at least two respects, the teachings of the Buddha were quite remarkable. In the first place, he insisted on the virtue of moderation. He urged upon his hearers to avoid the two extremes of a life devoted to fasting and self-torture, and a life of self-indulgence. In the second place, he taught that a man must love his neighbor as himself, returning good for evil and love for hatred. But this was not all. He taught men to love all living creatures without respect of kind or person. He taught men not to injure or kill any living creature, whether a human being or an animal, even in self-defense. All war, according to the teaching of the Buddha, is unholy.

In the course of time it came to be believed that

Gotama had become Buddha as the fruit of good deeds performed in countless previous states of existence, especially deeds of generosity. At any time, had he so desired, he might have uprooted craving for worldly pleasures and life and riches by meditation, and thus have escaped the sufferings of repeated states of existence. But this he deemed an unworthy course. Out of pity and compassion and friendliness for living creatures, he preferred to be reborn again and again, to suffer and to die again and again, in order that, by the accumulated merit of good works, he might himself become enlightened and thus be able to enlighten others.

In comparison with the career of the Future Buddha, devoted to the performance of good works, unselfish, generous to the point of sacrificing his own body and blood,—the career of the monk, isolated from the world, selfish, seeking by meditation to uproot craving for worldly pleasures and life and riches, seemed low and mean. The disciple began to imitate his Master. Thus began the Higher Career or Vehicle of Mahāyāna or Catholic Buddhism, as distinguished from the Lower Career or Vehicle of the more primitive Hīnayāna Buddhism of the Pāli texts. Thus did the quest of Buddhahood supplant the quest of Nibbāna. This development took place long before the beginning of the Christian era.

Introduction

Gotama Buddha made frequent use of similes, allegories, parables, fables, and other stories, to illustrate his teachings. His example was imitated by his followers, and in the course of time hundreds and hundreds of stories were attributed to him on general principles. Most of these stories were, in their original form, nothing but simple folk-tales, many of them of great antiquity. Parallels and variants are found in the Mahābhārata, the Panchatantra, Bidpai's Fables, the Hitopadesha, the Kathāsaritsāgara, and other fiction-collections, especially those of the Jains.

Of the twenty-six stories contained in this book, of eight of which two versions are given, eleven stories or versions of stories (6, 11, 12, 13, 16, 17 *a*, 18 *a*, 19 *a*, 20 *a*, 23 *a*, 24 *a*) are taken from the oldest canonical texts of the Buddhist Sacred Scriptures. Of these eleven stories, the first nine are said to have been related by Gotama himself, the last two being attributed to the Buddhist sage Kumāra Kassapa. It is highly probable that the tradition embodied in the texts regarding these eleven stories is correct. We may therefore feel quite certain that such remarkable parables as *Brahmadatta and the prince* (6), *Blind men and elephant* (13), and *The birds* (16) were actually related by Gotama himself, in

substantially the same form as that in which we now have them. It is not at all unlikely that such a parable as *Brahmadatta and Mallika* (8) was also related by Gotama, but of this we cannot be certain.

The approximate date of these old canonical texts is now well established. Numerous references to the Buddhist Scriptures in the Bhābrā edict of Asoka, about 250 B.C., and in the canonical work *Kathāvatthu,* of about the same date, amply justify the statement that the texts from which these eleven stories are taken are, in their present form, at least three or four centuries anterior to the Christian era. It may interest the reader to know that these texts, originating in North India in the lifetime of Gotama, were handed down by oral tradition for many generations, were reduced to canonical form within a century or two of the death of Gotama, were carried to Ceylon in the third century B.C., were written down for the first time in the first century B.C., and were copied and recopied on palm-leaves by successive generations of scribes until comparatively recent times.

The rest of the stories (except 25 and 26) are taken from the *Book of the Buddha's Previous Existences* or *Jātaka Book.* This remarkable work, which also originated in North India, relates in

mixed prose and verse the experiences of the Future Buddha in each of 550 states of existence previous to his rebirth as Gotama. The received text of this work represents a recension made in Ceylon early in the fifth century A.D., but much of the material is demonstrably many centuries older. For example, the stanzas rank as canonical Scripture, older versions of some of the stories occur in the canonical texts, and many of the stories (including 4 and 7 and 22) are illustrated by Bharahat sculptures of the third century B.C. Stories 25 and 26 are also *Jātaka* tales, adapted from C. H. Tawney's translation of the *Kathāsaritsāgara.*

For the most part, the *Jātaka* stories purport to relate incidents in Gotama's previous states of existence as a human being. For example, as Prince Noble-heart (1), he triumphs over his enemies and succeeds to the throne of his father through the kindly offices of a grateful elephant. As a Brahman's son (2), he befriends in turn a pampered prince, a snake, a rat, and a parrot, with the result that he is basely betrayed by the prince, but treated with profound gratitude by the three animals.

As King Brahmadatta (8), he overcomes anger with kindness, evil with good, the stingy with gifts, and the liar with truth. As Prince Five-weapons

(9), he overcomes the giant ogre Sticky-hair with the Weapon of Knowledge. As a Brahman's son (17 *b*), he frees his younger brother from the power of Jewel-neck, the dragon-king. As a Brahman's son (18 *b*), he teaches friendliness for all living beings. As a caravan-leader (24 *b*), he protects his companions from a troop of man-eating ogres. As Jīmūta-vāhana, prince of the fairies (26), he offers the sacrifice of his body and blood for the welfare of all living beings.

Several of the stories purport to relate incidents in Gotama's previous states of existence as an animal. For example, as a generous elephant (3), he gives his tusks to an ungrateful forester who has betrayed him. As a merciful elephant (4), he spares the life of a tiny quail. As a wise quail (5), he avoids the snares of a fowler. As a brave lion (15), he averts the destruction of a host of frightened animals. As a wise partridge (19 *b*), he serves as the preceptor of a monkey and an elephant. As a wise quail (20 *b*), he outwits a hawk. As a wise boar (25), he offers the sacrifice of his body and blood.

How did the Future Buddha come to be identified with the hero of each of these stories? The stories themselves give us the answer. For example, in the

story of *Brahmadatta and the prince* (6), we read that a high-minded prince generously forgave the murderer of his father and mother, returning good for evil and love for hatred. In this, the oldest form of the story, the Future Buddha is not even mentioned. But in a later form of the story, *Jātaka* 371, we are expressly told that the generous prince was none other than the Future Buddha.

Stories 17, 18, 19, 20, 23, and 24 illustrate the same process in a very striking way. Of each of these stories we have two versions, an earlier version from a canonical source, and a later version from an uncanonical source. It will be observed that in the older versions the Future Buddha is not mentioned at all. But in the later versions he is identified in turn with a wise ascetic (17 *b*, 18 *b*), a wise partridge (19 *b*), a wise quail (20 *b*), an honest dicer (23 *b*), and a wise caravan-leader (24 *b*).

Originally a simple folk-tale, each of these stories has been converted into a birth-story by the simple literary device of identifying the highest and noblest character in the story with the Future Buddha. This, of course, was a comparatively easy matter, for the Future Buddha, in his previous states of existence, was believed to have exhibited the qualities of wisdom, courage, and generosity,

and there are few of the stories in which at least one of the characters does not exhibit one or another of these qualities.

The attempt to introduce the Future Buddha into the stories is not always carried out in a way to satisfy or convince the reader. Thus, as an honest dicer (23 *b*), he violates Buddhist teaching by administering deadly poison to his companion, a dishonest dicer. The latter must not, of course, be allowed to die. The honest dicer is therefore made to administer an emetic to his companion and to admonish him. As a wise quail (20 *b*), he again violates Buddhist teaching by saving his own life at the expense of his enemy's life. Here the inconsistency is allowed to stand, and the story is used to illustrate the folly of walking in forbidden ground.

In the case of some of the stories, the figure of the Future Buddha is, so to speak, lugged in by the heels. For example, little or nothing is gained by identifying the antelope caught in a trap (7) with the Future Buddha. As a Brahman's pupil (10), and as a king's counsellor (14), the Future Buddha offers only a word of advice. As a trader (21), and as a wise man (22), he is merely a spectator, and contents himself with remarking on the folly of misdirected effort. It is quite clear that in the case of

these stories also we are dealing with simple folk-tales which have undergone only slight modification.

Some of the stories have traveled all over the world. In the thirteenth, fourteenth, and fifteenth centuries, many of them found their way into the highways and byways of European literature. With Story 1, *The grateful elephant,* compare the story of Androclus and the lion, Aesop's fable of the Lion and the Shepherd, and Gesta Romanorum 104. With Story 2, *Grateful animals and ungrateful man,* compare R. Schmidt, Panchatantra i. 9; C. H. Tawney, Kathāsaritsāgara ii. 103; E. Chavannes, Cinq Cents Contes 25; A. Schiefner, Tibetan Tales 26; Gesta Romanorum 119; and the following stories in Grimm, Kinder- und Hausmärchen: 17 Die weisse Schlange, 60 Die zwei Brüder, 62 Die Bienenkönigin, 85 Die Goldkinder, 107 Die beiden Wanderer, 126 Ferenand getrü un Ferenand ungetrü, 191 Das Meerhäschen. For additional parallels, see J. Bolte und G. Polivka, Anmerkungen zu den Kinder- und Hausmärchen der Brüder Grimm, Märchen 17, 62, 191.

With Story 3, *Elephant and ungrateful forester,* compare E. Chavannes, Cinq Cents Contes 28. With Story 4, *Quail, crow, fly, frog, and elephants,* compare R. Schmidt, Panchatantra i. 18. Variants

of Stories 5 and 7 form the frame-story of Panchatantra ii. With Story 5, *Quails and fowler,* compare C. H. Tawney, Kathāsaritsāgara ii. 48; J. Hertel, Tantrākhyāyika iii. 11; also Aesop's fable of the Falconer and the Birds. With Story 7, *Antelope, woodpecker, tortoise, and hunter,* compare Mahābhārata xii. 138; C. H. Tawney, Kathāsaritsāgara i. 296; also Aesop's fable of the Lion and the Mouse. With Story 6, *Brahmadatta and the prince,* compare E. Chavannes, Cinq Cents Contes 10; also Jātaka 371. With Story 8, *Brahmadatta and Mallika,* compare Mahābhārata iii. 194.

With Story 9, *A Buddhist Tar-baby,* compare E. Chavannes, Cinq Cents Contes 89 and 410; also the well-known story in Joel Chandler Harris, Uncle Remus, His Songs and His Sayings. Story 10, *Vedabbha and the thieves,* is the original of Chaucer's Pardoner's Tale; compare also A. Schiefner, Tibetan Tales 19. With Story 13, *Blind men and elephant,* compare E. Chavannes, Cinq Cents Contes 86. With Story 14, Part 1, *Gem, hatchet, drum, and bowl,* compare Grimm, Kinder- und Hausmärchen: 36 Tischchen deck dich, Goldesel, und Knüppel aus dem Sack; 54 Der Ranzen, das Hütlein, und das Hörnlein. For additional parallels, see Bolte-Polivka.

Introduction

With Story 15, *A Buddhist Henny-Penny,* compare A. Schiefner, Tibetan Tales 22; also the well-known children's story of the same name. With Story 19, *Partridge, monkey, and elephant,* compare A. Schiefner, Tibetan Tales 24. With Story 21, *How not to kill an insect,* compare Aesop's fable of the Bald Man and the Fly. For an interesting account of the history of some of the stories, see W. A. Clouston, *Popular Tales and Fictions,* as follows: Story 2: i. 223-241. Story 9: i. 133-154. Story 10: ii. 379-407. Story 14: i. 110-122. Story 15: i. 289-313. Story 21: i. 55-57.

Note on the Illustrations.

Just fifty years ago Sir Alexander Cunningham discovered among the ruins of a memorial mound or stūpa near the village of Bharahat, 120 miles southwest of Allahabad, a series of sculptures of the third century B.C., illustrating the legendary life of the Buddha and stories from the *Book of the Buddha's Previous Existences* or *Jātaka Book.* Photographs of these sculptures, together with a detailed description of each, will be found in the explorer's monumental work *Stūpa of Bharhut.*

It is from these Bharahat sculptures that the

artist has taken most of the materials for the illustrations to the present volume. From these sculptures have been taken, not only three entire scenes, but animals, costumes, trees, plants, fruits, flowers, and other objects. In the case of two scenes, where the sculptured objects differ materially from the objects described in the text, the artist has followed the sculptures rather than the text. In the matter of details, the illustrations are believed to be correct in every particular.

The design which appears on the cover, and again on the title-page, *Elephant and children,* is taken from Cunningham, Plate xxxiii. 2, *Elephant and monkeys.* The Bharahat sculpture represents an elephant being driven along by a troop of monkeys. The artist has substituted children for monkeys, but has preserved the spirit of the scene. It may as well be said here as anywhere else that the saffron yellow of the cover is the exact color of the robes of a Buddhist monk. The color is therefore symbolic.

The frontispiece, illustrating Story 1, *The grateful elephant,* represents the scene in the elephant-stable. A pure white elephant is shown in the act of raising the young prince, the Future Buddha, to his shoulders. On the right stands the queen, under a parasol held by an attendant. On the left stand

ministers of state, ladies-in-waiting, and slaves. The open window, through which the blue sky is seen, forms an effective panel for the portrait of the young prince. The saffron yellow of the background is again symbolic.

The illustration to Story 2, *Grateful animals and ungrateful man,* represents the pampered prince astride of a tree-trunk, accompanied by his three companions, a snake, a rat, and a parrot, swept along by the river amid storm and darkness.

The illustration to Story 3, *Elephant and forester,* shows the Future Buddha, in the form of a pure white elephant, reclining like a cow, and willingly permitting the ungrateful forester to cut off his two tusks. Trees.—Left middle: Pātali-tree, Trumpet Flower, *Bignonia Suaveolens,* the Bo-tree of the Buddha Vipassi. See Cunningham, Plates xxiii. 3 and xxix. 1. Centre over elephant: Probably the Sāl-tree, *Shorea Robusta,* the Bo-tree of the Buddha Vessabhu. The mother of Gotama is said to have stood upright at his birth and to have supported herself by a branch of a Sāl-tree. See Cunningham, Plate xxix. 2 and 5. Over elephant's head: Fan-palm, *Borassus Flabelliformis.* See Cunningham, Plate xxx. 4. Right middle: Probably a Sandalwood-tree, Candana. See Cunningham,

Plate lvii. Lower left: Magnolia. See Cunningham, Plate xxv. 1 (above archer).

The illustration to Story 7, *Antelope, woodpecker, tortoise, and hunter,* is taken from Cunningham, Plate xxvii. 9. As the hunter approaches, the tortoise releases the antelope from the trap, and the antelope springs to a place of safety. In drawing the trap, the artist has followed the sculptured model, rather than the description in the text. The tree in the background is the Sirīsa-tree, *Acacia Sirisa,* more properly, *Albizzia Lebbek,* the Bo-tree of the Buddha Kakusandha. See Cunningham, Plate xxix. 3.

The illustration to Story 9, *A Buddhist Tar-baby,* represents the Future Buddha in the person of Prince Five-weapons casting a spear at the giant ogre Sticky-hair. The drawing of the ogre follows closely the description given in the text. The tree in the background is the Fan-palm, represented in Cunningham, Plate xxx. 4. The trees to the right and left are specimens of the Banyan-tree, the Nyagrodha, *Ficus Indica,* the Bo-tree of the Buddha Kassapa. Note the down-growing roots. See Cunningham, Plates xv. 3, xxvi. 6, xxx. 1 and 2.

The illustration to Story 11, *The anger-eating ogre,* represents the ogre seated on the Yellowstone

throne of Sakka (Indra), king of the gods, in the heaven of the Thirty-three gods, thereby arousing the indignation and anger of the gods, of whom two are shown in the drawing. The tree in the background is probably the Sāl-tree. See note on illustration to Story 3.

The illustration to Story 14, *King and boar,* represents the boar flying through the air by the magical power of the gem which he has just bitten. The power of flying through the air is mentioned in the oldest texts as one of the several varieties of magical power which may be acquired by the Practice of Meditation.

The illustration to Story 15, *A Buddhist Henny-Penny,* shows the Future Buddha, in the form of a lion, setting out with the little hare on his back to discover the cause of the flight of the animals. The artist has introduced representatives of the various animals mentioned in the story, and a few monkeys for good measure. Trees.—Left: Magnolia. See Cunningham, Plate xxv. 1 (above archer). Centre: Jack-tree. See Cunningham, Plate xiv. 1 (extreme left), xli. 4, xlii. 8, and xliii. 1. Top: Udumbara-tree, *Ficus Glomerata,* the Bo-tree of the Buddha Kanakamuni. See Cunningham, Plate xxix. 4. Right middle: Sirīsa-tree, *Acacia Sirisa,* more properly,

Albizzia Lebbek, the Bo-tree of the Buddha Kakusandha. See Cunningham, Plate xiv. 3. In the illustration to Story 7, the tree is represented in flower. Compare Cunningham, Plate xxix. 3. Lower right: Rose-apple, Jambu-tree. See Cunningham, Plate xliv. 8. India is frequently called the Land of the Rose-apple.

The illustration to Story 17, *Dragon Jewel-neck,* represents the king of the dragons encircling the ascetic with his coils. The ascetic is seated at the door of his leaf-hut on the bank of the Ganges. The tree in the background is the Sacred Fig-tree, the Pipphala, *Ficus Religiosa.* It was under a tree of this species that Gotama sat on the night of his Enlightenment. Accordingly, this tree has a symbolic value for Buddhists corresponding to that which the Cross has for Christians, and is frequently sculptured on the monuments. See Cunningham, Plates xiii. 1, xxx. 3. The tree to the right of the hut may be a Sandalwood-tree. See note on illustration to Story 3.

The illustration to Story 22, *Monkey-gardeners,* is taken from Cunningham, Plate xlv. 5. The monkeys, in obedience to the instructions of their leader, are pulling up the young fig-trees by the roots, examining the roots, watering plentifully the trees

with long roots, but sparingly the trees with short roots, and planting them again. In drawing the water-pots, the artist has followed the Bharahat sculpture rather than the description given in the text.

1. *The Grateful Elephant.*

Where there's a will, there's a way.

Jātaka 156: ii. 17-23.

Relying on Noble-heart. This parable was related by the Teacher while he was in residence at Jetavana with reference to a certain monk who relaxed effort. Said the Teacher to him: "Of a truth, monk, did you not, in a previous state of existence, by exerting yourself, get and give to a young prince no bigger than a piece of meat, dominion over the city of Benāres, a city twelve leagues in measure?" So saying, he related the following Story of the Past:

In times past, when Brahmadatta ruled at Benāres, there was a carpenters' settlement not far from Benāres. In this settlement lived five hundred carpenters. They would go up-stream in a boat, cut timber for building materials for houses in the forest, and prepare houses of one or more stories on the spot. Then, marking all of the timbers, beginning with the pillars, they would carry them to the river-bank, load them on a boat, return to the city with the current, and for a price build for any particular person any particular kind of house he desired to have built. Then they would go back to the forest and get building materials once more. Thus they made their living.

The Grateful Elephant

One day, not far from the camp where they were fashioning timbers, a certain elephant trod on an acacia splinter, and the splinter pierced his foot. He suffered intense pain, and his foot became swollen and festered. Maddened with pain, hearing the sound of those carpenters fashioning timbers, thinking to himself, "With the help of these carpenters I can get relief," he went to them on three feet and lay down not far off. The carpenters saw that his foot was swollen, and on drawing closer, saw the splinter in his foot. So making incisions all round the splinter with a sharp knife, they tied a cord to the splinter, removed the splinter with a pull, let out the pus, washed the wound with hot water, and by applying proper remedies, in no very long time made the wound comfortable.

When the elephant was well, he thought: "I owe my life to these carpenters; now I ought to do something for them." From that time on he helped the carpenters remove trees, rolled them over and held them for the carpenters while they were fashioning them, brought them their tools, and held the measuring-cord, taking it by the end and wrapping his trunk about it. As for the carpenters, when it was time to eat, each one of them gave the elephant a morsel of food; thus in all they gave him five hundred morsels of food.

Now that elephant had a son, and he was pure white, a noble son of a noble sire. So the following thought occurred to the elephant: "I am now old. I ought therefore to give my son to these carpenters to help them in their work, and myself go away." Without saying a word to the carpenters, he entered the forest, and leading his son to the carpenters, said: "This young elephant is my son. You gave me my life; I give you this elephant by way of paying the fee which I owe to my physicians. Henceforth he will work for you."

Then he admonished his son: "Henceforth you are to do whatever it was my duty to do." Having so said, he gave his son to the carpenters and himself entered the forest. From that time on the young elephant obeyed the commands of the carpenters, was patient of admonition, performed all of the duties. They fed him also with five hundred morsels of food. After doing his work, he would descend into the river and play, and then come back. And the carpenters' children used to take hold of him by the trunk and play with him, both in the water and on dry land.

The elephant-trainers reported that incident to the king, remarking: "That noble elephant should be sought out and brought to you, your majesty." The king made haste up the river with boats and

rafts; with rafts bound up-stream he reached the place of abode of the carpenters. The young elephant, playing in the river, on hearing the sound of the drum, went and stood by the carpenters. The carpenters went forth to meet the king, and said: "Your majesty, if you have need of timber, why did you yourself come? why shouldn't you have sent men to get it?" "I didn't come for timber, I assure you, but I came for this elephant." "Take him and go, your majesty."

The young elephant would not go. "What, pray, will you have done, elephant?" "Have the carpenters paid for my keeping, your majesty." "Very well, I will," said the king. He had a hundred thousand pieces of money laid near each of the elephant's four feet, near his trunk, and near his tail. But for all that the elephant would not go. When, however, pairs of cloths had been given to all of the carpenters, when under-garments had been given to the carpenters' wives, and when the proper attentions had been paid to the children he had played with, then the elephant turned around, and eyeing the carpenters and their wives and their children as he went, accompanied the king.

The king took the elephant, went to the city, and caused both city and elephant-stable to be adorned.

He caused the elephant to make rightwise circuit of the city and to be taken into the elephant-stable. He adorned the elephant with all the adornments, sprinkled him, made him his riding-animal, elevated him to the dignity of a friend, gave him half his kingdom, and had him treated as himself. From the day when the elephant arrived, the king obtained complete mastery over all the Land of the Rose-apple.

As time thus went on, the Future Buddha received a new existence as the child of the chief consort of that king. But before the child was born, the king died. Now if the elephant had known that the king was dead, it would have broken his heart then and there. So they said not a word to the elephant about the king's death, but waited on him just as if nothing had happened.

But when the king of Kosala, who ruled over the country immediately adjoining, heard that the king was dead, he reflected: "The kingdom, they say, is empty;" and came with a large army and surrounded the city. The citizens closed the gates of the city and sent the following message to the king of Kosala: "The chief consort of our king is about to give birth to a child. The soothsayers have told us: 'Seven days hence she will give birth to a son.'

If, on the seventh day, she gives birth to a son, we will give battle,—not the kingdom. Wait that long." "Very well," said the king in assent. On the seventh day the queen gave birth to a son. On the day when he received his name, because, as they said, "He is born extending a noble heart to the multitude," they gave him the name Noble-heart, Alīnacitta.

Now from the day he was born, the citizens fought with the king of Kosala. But because they had no man to lead them in battle, the force, large as it was, gave way little by little in the conflict. Ministers reported this fact to the queen, saying: "We fear that if the force continues thus to give way, we shall lose the battle. But the state elephant, the king's friend, does not know that the king is dead, that his son is born, and that the king of Kosala has come to fight." And they asked her: "Shall we let him know?" "Yes," said the queen, assenting. She adorned the boy, laid him in a head-coil of fine cloth, came down from the terrace, and accompanied by a retinue of ministers, went to the elephant-stable, and laid the Future Buddha at the feet of the elephant. Said she: "Master, your friend is dead. We didn't tell you because we were afraid it would break your heart. Here is the son of your friend. The king of Kosala has come and has surrounded the city and

is fighting with your son. The force is giving way. Do you either kill your son or get and give him the kingdom."

Then the elephant with his trunk caressed the Future Buddha and lifted him up and put him on his shoulders and cried and wept. Then he lowered the Future Buddha and laid him in the arms of the queen, and with the words, "I will capture the king of Kosala!" went out of the elephant-stable. Then the ministers clad him with armor and adorned him, and unlocking the city-gate, went out in his train.

As the elephant went out of the city, he trumpeted the Heron's Call, making the multitude tremble and quake, and frightening them away. He broke down the stockade, seized the king of Kosala by the top-knot, and carried him and laid him at the Future Buddha's feet. And when men rose to kill him, he would not let them, but set the king free with the admonition: "Henceforth be careful; do not presume on the youth of the prince."

Thenceforth the Future Buddha had complete mastery over all the Land of the Rose-apple. No other adversary dared to stand up against him. When the Future Buddha was seven years old, he received the ceremonial sprinkling and became known as King Noble-heart. He ruled with right-

eousness, and when his life was come to an end, departed, fulfilling the Path to Heaven.

When the Teacher had related this parable, he uttered, as Supreme Buddha, the following stanza:

> Relying on Noble-heart, a mighty host, delighted,
> Captured Kosala alive, dissatisfied with his army.

2. *Grateful Animals and Ungrateful Man.*

Driftwood is worth more than some men.

Jātaka 73: i. 322-327.

True is this saying of some men of the world. This parable was related by the Teacher while he was in residence at Bamboo Grove with reference to Devadatta's going about for the purpose of killing him. For while the Congregation of Monks, sitting in the Hall of Truth, were discussing Devadatta's wickedness, saying, "Brethren, Devadatta knows not the Teacher's virtues, but is going about for the sole purpose of killing him," the Teacher drew near and asked: "Monks, what is the subject that engages your attention now as you sit here all gathered together?" "Such-and-such," was the reply. "Monks," said the Teacher, "not only in his present state of existence has Devadatta gone about for the purpose of killing me; in a previous state of existence also he went about for the purpose of killing me in the very same way." Then, in response to a request of the monks, he related the following Story of the Past:

Prince Wicked.

In times past Brahmadatta ruled at Benāres. He had a son named Prince Wicked, and Prince Wicked was as tough and hard as a beaten snake. He never spoke to anybody without either reviling him or striking him. The result was that both by

indoor-folk and by outdoor-folk he was disliked and detested as much as dust lodged in the eye or as a demon come to eat.

One day, desiring to sport in the water, he went to the river-bank with a large retinue. At that moment a great cloud arose. The directions became dark. He said to his slaves and servants: "Come, fellows! take me and conduct me to mid-stream and bathe me and bring me back." They led him there and took counsel together, saying: "What can the king do to us! Let's kill this wicked fellow right here!" So saying, they plunged him into the water, made their way out of the water again, and stood on the bank.

As the courtiers returned to the king, they reflected: "In case we are asked, 'Where is the prince?' we will say, 'We have not seen the prince; it must be that upon seeing a cloud arise he plunged into the water and went on ahead of us.' " The king asked: "Where is my son?" "We do not know, your majesty. A cloud arose. We returned, supposing: 'He must have gone on ahead of us.' " The king caused the gates to be flung open, went to the river-bank, and caused them to search here and there. "Search!" said he. Nobody saw the prince.

As a matter of fact, in the darkness caused by the cloud, while the god was raining, the prince, swept

along by the river, seeing a certain tree-trunk, clambered on it, and sitting astride of it, traveled along, terrified with the fear of death, lamenting.

Snake, rat, parrot, and man.

Now at that time a resident of Benāres, a certain treasurer, who had buried forty crores of wealth by the river-bank, by reason of his craving for that wealth, had been reborn on top of that wealth as a snake. Yet another had buried thirty crores of wealth in that very spot, and by reason of his craving for that wealth, had been reborn on the spot as a rat. The water entered their place of abode. They went out by the very path by which the water came in, cleft the stream, and went until they reached the tree-trunk bestridden by the royal prince. Thereupon one climbed up on one end, the other on the other, and both lay down right there on top of the tree-trunk.

Moreover, on the bank of that very river there was a certain silk-cotton tree, and in it lived a certain young parrot. That tree also, its roots washed by the water, fell on top of the river. The young parrot, unable to make headway by flying while the god was raining, went and perched on one side of that very tree-trunk. Thus did those four persons travel together, swept along by the river.

Grateful Animals

The Future Buddha befriends animals and man.

Now at that time the Future Buddha was reborn in the kingdom of Kāsi in the household of a Brahman of high station. When he reached manhood, he retired from the world and adopted the life of an ascetic, and building a leaf-hut at a certain bend in the river, took up his abode there. At midnight, as he was walking up and down, he heard the sound of the profound lamentation of that royal prince. Thought he: "It is not fitting that that man should die in sight of an ascetic like me, endowed with friendliness and compassion. I will pull him out of the water and grant him the boon of life." He calmed the man's fears with the words, "Fear not! fear not!" Then, cleaving the stream of water, he went and laid hold of that tree-trunk by one end, and pulled it. Powerful as an elephant, endowed with mighty strength, with a single pull he reached the bank, and lifting the prince in his arms, set him ashore.

Seeing the snake, the rat, and the parrot, he picked them up also, carried them to his hermitage, and lighted a fire. "The animals are weaker," thought he. So first he warmed the bodies of the animals; then afterwards he warmed the body of the royal prince and made him well too. When he

Thus did those four persons travel together, swept along by the river.

brought food also, he first gave it to those same animals, and afterwards offered fruits and other edibles to the prince. Thought the royal prince: "This false ascetic does not take it into his reckoning that I am a royal prince, but does honor to animals." And he conceived a grudge against the Future Buddha.

A few days after that, when all four had recovered their strength and vigor and the river-freshet had ceased, the snake bowed to the ascetic and said: "Reverend Sir, it is a great service you have done me. Now I am no pauper. In such-and-such a place I have buried forty crores of gold. If you have need of money, I can give you all that money. Come to that place and call me out, saying: 'Longfellow!' " So saying, he departed. Likewise also the rat addressed the ascetic: "Stand in such-and-such a place and call me out, saying: 'Rat!' " So saying, he departed.

But when the parrot bowed to the ascetic, he said: "Reverend Sir, I have no money; but if you have need of ruddy rice,—such-and-such is my place of abode,—go there and call me out, saying: 'Parrot!' I'll tell my kinsfolk, have them fetch ruddy rice by the cart-load, and give it to you. That's what I can do!" So saying, he departed.

But that other, the man, because it was his custom

to betray his friends, said not so much as a word according to custom. Thought he: "If you come to me, I'll kill you!" But he said: "Reverend Sir, when I am established in my kingdom, be good enough to come and see me; I'll furnish you with the Four Requisites." So saying, he departed. And in no very long time after he had gone, he was established in his kingdom.

Gratefulness of animals.

Thought the Future Buddha: "I'll just put them to the test!" First he went to the snake, and standing not far off, called him out, saying, "Longfellow!" At the mere word the snake came out, bowed to the Future Buddha, and said: "Reverend Sir, in this place are forty crores of gold; carry them all out and take them with you!" Said the Future Buddha: "Let be as it is; if occasion arises, I'll think about it." So saying, he let the snake go back.

Then he went to the rat and made a noise. The rat also behaved just as had the snake. The Future Buddha let him also go back. Then he went to the parrot and called him out, saying: "Parrot!" The parrot also, at the mere word, came down from the top of the tree, and bowing to the Future Buddha, asked: "Tell me, Reverend Sir, shall I speak to my kinsfolk and have them fetch you self-sown rice

from the region of Himavat?" Said the Future Buddha: "If I have need, I'll think about it." So saying, he let the parrot also go back.

Ungratefulness of man.

"Now," thought the Future Buddha, "I'll test the king!" He went and passed the night in the king's garden, and on the following day, having put on beautiful garments, entered the city on his round for alms. At that moment that king, that betrayer of friends, seated on the back of his gloriously adorned state elephant, accompanied by a large retinue, was making a rightwise circuit of the city. Seeing the Future Buddha even from afar, he thought: "Here's that false ascetic, come to live with me and eat his fill! That he may not make known in the midst of this company the service he has rendered me, I'll straightway have his head cut off!"

He looked at his men. Said they: "What shall we do, your majesty?" Said the king: "Here's a false ascetic, come to ask me for something or other, I suppose. Without so much as giving that false ascetic, that bird of evil omen, a chance to look at me, take that fellow, bind his arms behind his back, conduct him out of the city, beating him at every cross-roads, cut off his head in the place of execu-

tion, and impale his body on a stake!" "Very well," said the king's men in assent. They bound the Great Being, guiltless as he was, and started to conduct him to the place of execution, beating him at every cross-roads. The Future Buddha, wherever they beat him, uttered no lament, "Women! men!" but unperturbed, uttered the following stanza:

> True is this saying of some men of the world:
> "Driftwood is worth more than some men!"

[*Native gloss:* A stick of wood washed up on dry land is of some use: it will cook food; it will warm those who are shivering with the cold; it will remove dangerous objects. But an ingrate is worse than useless.]

Thus, wherever they beat him, did he utter this stanza. Hearing this, wise men who stood by said: "But, monk, what is the trouble between you and our king? have you done him some good turn?" Then the Future Buddha told them the whole story, saying: "I alone, by pulling this man out of a mighty flood, have brought suffering upon myself. I speak as I do because I keep thinking: 'Alas! I have not heeded the words of wise men of old!' "

Hearing this, Warriors and Brahmans and others, residents of the city, became enraged. Said they: "This king here, this betrayer of friends, has not the slightest conception of the virtues of this

embodiment of the virtues, this man who has granted him the boon of his own life! What have we to gain through him! Capture him!" And rising in all quarters, they slew him, even as he sat on the back of the elephant, by hitting him with arrows and spears and rocks and clubs. And laying hold of his feet, they dragged him and threw him back of the moat. And conferring the ceremonial sprinkling on the Future Buddha, they established him in the kingdom. The Future Buddha ruled righteously.

Again one day, desiring to test the snake, the rat, and the parrot, he went with a large retinue to the place of abode of the snake and called him out, saying: "Longfellow!" The snake came, bowed to him, and said: "Here's your money, master; take it." The king entrusted to his ministers wealth amounting to forty crores of gold. Then he went to the rat and called him out, saying: "Rat!" The rat also came, and with a bow handed over to him wealth amounting to thirty crores. The king entrusted that also to his ministers. Then he went to the place of abode of the parrot and called him out, saying: "Parrot!" The parrot also came, and reverencing his feet, said: "Master, shall I fetch rice?" Said the king: "When there is need of rice, you may fetch it; come, let's go."

With the seventy crores of gold, causing those

three animals also to be carried along, he went to the city. And ascending to the grand floor of his magnificent palace, he caused that wealth to be stored and guarded. For the snake to live in, he caused a golden tube to be made; for the rat, a crystal cave; for the parrot, a golden cage. For the snake and the parrot to eat, he caused every day sweet parched grain to be given in a vessel of gold purified with fire; for the rat, grains of perfumed rice; he gave alms and performed the other works of merit. Thus those four persons, one and all, dwelt together in unity and concord all their days, and when their days were come to an end, passed away according to their deeds.

Said the Teacher: "Monks, not only in his present state of existence has Devadatta gone about for the purpose of killing me; in a previous state of existence also he went about for the purpose of killing me in the very same way."

3. *Elephant and Ungrateful Forester.*

The whole earth will not satisfy an ungrateful man.

Jātaka 72: i. 319-322.

To an ungrateful man. This parable was related by the Teacher while he was in residence at Bamboo Grove with reference to Devadatta. The monks, seated in the Hall of Truth, were saying: "Brethren, Devadatta the ungrateful knows not the virtues of the Teacher." The Teacher drew near and asked: "Monks, what is the subject that engages your attention now, as you sit here all gathered together?" "Such-and-such," was the reply. "Monks," said the Teacher, "not only in his present state of existence has Devadatta proved to be ungrateful; in a previous state of existence also he was ungrateful just the same. At no time soever has he known my virtues." Then, in response to a request of the monks, he related the following Story of the Past:

In times past, when Brahmadatta ruled at Benāres, the Future Buddha was reborn in the region of Himavat as an elephant. When he was born, he was pure white, like a mass of silver; moreover his eyes were like globules of jewels, and from them shone forth the Five Brightnesses; his mouth was like a crimson blanket; his trunk was like a rope of silver, ornamented with spots of ruddy gold; his four feet were as if rubbed with lac. Thus his person, adorned

with the Ten Perfections, attained the pinnacle of beauty.

Now when he reached the age of reason, elephants from all over Himavat assembled and formed his retinue. Thus did he make his home in the region of Himavat, with a retinue of eighty thousand elephants. After a time, perceiving that there was contamination in the herd, he isolated himself from the herd and made his home quite alone in the forest. Moreover, by reason of his goodness, he became known as Good King Elephant.

Now a certain resident of Benāres, a forester, entered the forest, seeking wares whereby to make his living. Unable to distinguish the directions, he lost his way, and terrified with the fear of death, went about with outstretched arms lamenting. The Future Buddha, hearing those profound lamentations of his, thought: "I will free this man from his suffering." And impelled by compassion, he went to him.

The instant that man saw the Future Buddha, he fled in fright. The Future Buddha, seeing him in flight, halted right where he was. The man, seeing that the Future Buddha had halted, himself halted. The Future Buddha came back. The man fled a second time, but halting when the Future Buddha halted, thought: "This elephant halts when I flee,

and approaches when I halt. He has no desire to do me harm, but without a doubt desires only to free me from this suffering." And summoning up his courage, he halted.

The Future Buddha approached him and asked: "Why, Master man, do you go about lamenting?" "Master, because I couldn't distinguish the directions, lost my way, and was afraid of death." Then the Future Buddha conducted him to his own place of abode, and for a few days gladdened him with fruits and other edibles. Then said the Future Buddha: "Master man, don't be afraid: I'll conduct you to the path of man." And seating him on his back, he proceeded to the path of men.

But that man, that betrayer of friends, even as he sat on the back of the Future Buddha, thought: "If anybody asks me, I must be able to tell him where this elephant lives." So as he went along, he noted carefully the landmarks of tree and mountain. Now the Future Buddha, having conducted that man out of the forest, set him down on the highway leading to Benāres, and said to him: "Master man, go by this road; but as for my place of abode, whether you are asked or not, say nothing to anybody about it." So saying, he took leave of him and went back to his own place of abode.

Now that man went to Benāres, and in the course

of his walks came to the street of the ivory-carvers. And seeing the ivory-carvers making various kinds of ivory products, he asked: "But, sirs, how much would you make if you could get the tusk of a real live elephant?" "What are you saying, sir! The tusk of a live elephant is far more valuable than the tusk of a dead elephant." "Very well! I'll fetch you the tusk of a live elephant." Accordingly, obtaining provisions for the journey and taking a sharp saw, he went to the place of abode of the Future Buddha.

When the Future Buddha saw him, he asked: "For what purpose have you come?" "I, sir, am a poor man, a pauper, unable to make a living. I came with this thought in my mind: 'I will ask you for a fragment of one of your tusks; if you will give it to me, I will take it and go and sell it and with the money it brings make a living.' " "Let be, sir! I'll give you tusks, if you have a sharp saw to cut them off with." "I brought a saw with me, sir." "Very well, sever the tusks with your saw and take them and go your way." So saying, the Future Buddha bowed his knees together and sat down like a cow. The man actually cut off his two principal tusks!

The Future Buddha, taking those tusks in his trunk, said: "Master man, not with the thought, 'These tusks are not dear to me, not pleasing to me,' do I give you these tusks. But dearer to me than

The man actually cut off his two principal tusks!

these a thousand times,—a hundred thousand times,—are the Tusks of Omniscience, which avail to the comprehension of all things. May this gift of tusks which I here bestow enable me to attain Omniscience!" So saying, as it were sowing the Seed of Omniscience, he gave him the pair of tusks.

The man took them and went and sold them. When the money they brought was gone, he went to the Future Buddha again and said: "Master, the money I got by selling you tusks turned out to be no more than enough to pay off my debts. Give me the rest of your tusks!" "Very well," said the Future Buddha, consenting. And ordering all things precisely as before, he gave him the rest of his tusks.

Those also did that man sell, and then came back again. "Master," said he. "I cannot make a living. Give me the stumps of your tusks!" "Very well," said the Future Buddha, and sat down precisely as before. That wicked man trod on the Great Being's trunk,—that trunk which was like unto a rope of silver; climbed up on the Great Being's temples,—those temples which were like unto the snow-clad peaks of Kelāsa, with his heel kicking the tips of the tusks and loosening the flesh; and having mounted the temples, with a sharp saw severed the stumps of the tusks, and went his way.

But even as that wicked man receded from the

vision of the Future Buddha, the solid earth, which extends for a distance of two hundred thousand leagues and four Inconceivables more, which is able to endure such mighty burdens as Sineru and Yugandhara, and all manner of foul-smelling and repulsive objects,—even the solid earth, as if unable to endure the wickedness he had piled upon it, burst asunder and yawned. Instantly from the Great Waveless Hell flames of fire shot forth, enveloped that man, that betrayer of friends, wrapping him, as it were, in a blanket proper for death and laid hold of him.

When that wicked man thus entered the earth, the tree-spirit resident in that forest-grove thought: "An ungrateful man, a man who will betray his friends, cannot be satisfied, even if he be given the kingdom of a Universal Monarch." And making the forest ring, proclaiming the Truth, the tree-spirit uttered the following stanza:

> To an ungrateful man
> Ever looking for an opening
> You may give the whole earth
> And yet not satisfy him.

Thus did that tree-spirit, making the forest ring, proclaim the Truth. The Future Buddha, having remained on earth during the term of life allotted to him, passed away according to his deeds.

Elephant and Forester

Said the Teacher: "Monks, not only in his present state of existence has Devadatta proved ungrateful; in a previous state of existence also he was ungrateful just the same." Having completed the parable, he identified the personages in the Birth-story as follows: "At that time the man who betrayed his friend was Devadatta, the tree-spirit was one of my disciples, but Good King Elephant was I myself."

4. *Quail, Crow, Fly, Frog, and Elephants.*

The biter bit.

Jātaka 357: iii. 174-177.

Hearing that the monks of Kosambi were quarreling, the Exalted One went to them and said: "Enough, monks! No quarreling! No brawling! No contending! No wrangling!" Then he said: "Monks, quarrels, brawls, contentions, wrangles,—all these are unprofitable. For because of a quarrel even a tiny quail brought about the destruction of a noble elephant."

In times past, when Brahmadatta ruled at Benāres, the Future Buddha was reborn as an elephant. He grew up to be a fine big animal, acquired a retinue of eighty thousand elephants, and becoming the leader of a herd, made his home in the Himālaya region. At that time a tiny female quail laid her eggs in the elephants' stamping-ground. When the eggs were hatched, the fledglings broke the shells and came out. Before their wings had grown and while they were yet unable to fly, the Great Being came to that spot with his retinue of eighty thousand elephants in search of food.

When the tiny quail saw him, she thought: "This elephant-king will crush my fledglings and kill them. Well, I will ask of him righteous protection for the defense of my little ones." So folding her

wings and standing before him, she uttered the first stanza:

I salute you, elephant of sixty years,
Forest-ranger, glorious leader of a herd;
With my wings I do you homage.
I am weak: do not kill my little ones.

Said the Great Being: "Do not worry, tiny quail; I will protect your little ones." And he stood over the fledglings, and the eighty thousand elephants passed by. Then he addressed the tiny quail: "Behind us comes a single solitary elephant; he will not obey our command. If you ask him also when he comes, you may obtain safety for your little ones." So saying, he went his way.

The tiny quail went forth to meet the solitary elephant, did homage to him with her wings, and uttered the second stanza:

I salute you, solitary elephant,
Forest-ranger, pasturing on mountain and on hill;
With my wings I do you homage.
I am weak: do not kill my little ones.

The solitary elephant, hearing her words, uttered the third stanza:

I will kill your little ones, tiny quail.
What can you do to me? You are a weakling.
Even a hundred thousand like you
Could I crush with my left foot.

So saying, he pulverized her little ones with his foot, and went his way trumpeting. The tiny quail perched on the branch of a tree and thought: "Just now you go your way trumpeting. In only a few days you will see what I can do! You do not understand that the mind is stronger than the body. Ah, but I will make you understand!" And threatening him, she uttered the fourth stanza:

> For not alway does strength avail;
> For strength is the destruction of a fool.
> Elephant-king, I will do you harm,
> You who killed my little ones since I was weak.

Thus spoke the tiny quail. For a few days she ministered to a crow. The crow was pleased and said: "What can I do for you?" Said the tiny quail: "Master, there is only one thing I want done. I expect you to peck out the eyes of that solitary elephant." "Very well," assented the crow. The tiny quail then ministered to a green fly. The fly also said, "What can I do for you?" Said the tiny quail: "When this crow has put out the eyes of the solitary elephant, I wish you would drop a nit on them." "Very well," assented the fly also. The tiny quail then ministered to a frog. Said the frog: "What can I do?" Said the tiny quail: "When this solitary elephant has gone blind and seeks water to drink, then

please squat on the mountain-top and croak; and when he has climbed to the top of the mountain, then please hop down and croak at the bottom. This is all I expect of you." The frog also, hearing her words, assented, saying, "Very well."

Now one day the crow pecked out both of the elephant's eyes, and the fly let a nit drop on them. The elephant, eaten up by maggots, maddened with pain, overcome with thirst, wandered about seeking water to drink. At that moment the frog, squatting on the mountain-top, let out a croak. The elephant thought: "There must be water there;" and climbed the mountain. Then the frog hopped down, and squatting at the bottom, let out a croak. The elephant thought: "There must be water there." And going to the brink of the precipice, he tumbled and fell to the foot of the mountain, and met destruction.

When the tiny quail realized that he was dead, she cried out: "I have seen the back of my enemy!" And pleased and delighted, she strutted over his shoulders, and passed away according to her deeds.

Behold the quail, the crow, the fly, the frog!
They slew the elephant! Behold the hatred of the haters!

5. *Quails and Fowler.*

In union there is strength.

Jātaka 33: i. 208-210.

Then said the Exalted One to those monks: "Monks, be united; do not wrangle. For because of a wrangle many thousand quails lost their lives."

In times past, when Brahmadatta ruled at Benāres, the Future Buddha was reborn as a quail, and lived in the forest with a retinue of many thousand quails. At that time a certain quail-hunter used to go to the haunt of the quails and attract them by imitating a quail's whistle. When he perceived that they had assembled, he would throw a net over them and huddle them all together by trampling the edges. Then he would fill his basket, go home, and sell them. Thus he made his living.

Now one day the Future Buddha said to those quails: "This fowler is bringing our kinsfolk to destruction. I know a way by which he shall not be able to catch us. From this time on, the moment he throws the net over you, let each quail stick his head through a single mesh, lift the net, and carrying it wherever you will, let it down on some thorn-brake. This done, we can escape each through his own mesh." They all assented, saying, "Very well!"

When the net was thrown over them on the following day, they raised the net precisely as the Future Buddha had told them to, dropped it on a certain thorn-brake, and themselves escaped from under. Twilight came on with the fowler still busy disentangling the net from the brake, and he went away absolutely empty-handed. On the next day, and thereafter also, the quails did the very same thing. The fowler also, busy every moment until sunset disentangling the net, got nothing, and went home absolutely empty-handed.

Now his wife got angry and said: "Day after day you return empty-handed; I suppose there is some other household outside you have to provide for too." Said the fowler: "My dear, there is no other household I have to provide for. The fact is, these quails are acting in unison. The moment I throw the net, they depart with it and drop it on a thorn-brake. But they will not live in unity forever. Do not worry. When they fall to wrangling, I will return with them all and bring a smile to your lips." And he recited the following stanza to his wife:

> United, the birds go away with the net;
> But when they fall out, they'll come into my power.

Now after only a few days had passed, one quail, lighting on the feeding-ground, accidentally trod on the head of another. The other was offended and

said: "Who trod on my head?" "I did, but accidentally; do not be offended." But the other was offended just the same. They bandied words and wrangled with each other, saying, "You alone, I suppose, lift the net!"

While they wrangled, the Future Buddha thought: "There is no safety for a wrangler. From this moment they will not lift the net. Then they will come to a sorry end. The fowler will get his chance. It is impossible for me to live in this place." And he went elsewhere with his own retinue.

As for the fowler, he came back after a few days, imitated a quail's whistle, and when the quails had assembled, threw the net over them. Then said one quail: "They say that in the very act of lifting the net, you lost the down on your head. Now lift!" Said another: "They say that in the very act of lifting the net, you lost your wing-feathers. Now lift!"

Even as they said: "You lift!" "You lift!" the fowler tossed the net. And huddling them all together, he filled his basket, and went home and brought a smile to the lips of his wife.

And for the second time the Exalted One said this to those monks: "Enough, monks! No quarreling! No brawling! No contending! No wrangling!"

But in spite of this, they paid no attention to his words. Thereupon the Exalted One related the following Story of the Past:

6. *Brahmadatta and the Prince.*

Love your enemies.

Vinaya i. 342-349.

In olden times at Benāres, Brahmadatta king of Kāsi was rich, possessed of great wealth, ample means of enjoyment, a mighty army, many vehicles, an extensive kingdom, and well filled treasuries and storehouses. Dīghīti king of Kosala was poor, possessed of meagre wealth, scanty means of enjoyment, a small army, few vehicles, a little kingdom, and unfilled treasuries and storehouses.

Now Brahmadatta king of Kāsi drew up his fourfold army and went up against Dīghīti king of Kosala. And Dīghīti king of Kosala heard: "Brahmadatta king of Kāsi, they say, has drawn up his fourfold army, and is come up against me." Then to Dīghīti king of Kosala occurred the following thought: "Brahmadatta king of Kāsi is rich, possessed of great wealth, ample means of enjoyment, a mighty army, many vehicles, an extensive kingdom, and well filled treasuries and storehouses. But I am poor, possessed of meagre wealth, scanty means of enjoyment, a small army, few vehicles, a little kingdom, and unfilled treasuries and store-

houses. I am not strong enough to withstand even a single clash with Brahmadatta king of Kāsi. Suppose I were merely to countermarch and slip out of the city!"

Accordingly Dīghīti king of Kosala took his consort, merely countermarched, and slipped out of the city. Thereupon Brahmadatta king of Kāsi conquered the army and vehicles and territory and treasuries and storehouses of Dīghīti king of Kosala, and took possession. And Dīghīti king of Kosala with his consort set out for Benāres, and in due course arrived at Benāres. And there, in a certain place on the outskirts of Benāres, Dīghīti king of Kosala resided with his consort, in a potter's dwelling, in disguise, in the guise of a wandering ascetic.

Now in no very long time the consort of Dīghīti king of Kosala was with child. And this was her craving: She desired at sunrise to see a fourfold army drawn up, clad in armor, standing in a pleasant place, and to drink the rinsings of swords. Accordingly the consort of Dīghīti king of Kosala said this to Dīghīti king of Kosala: "I am with child, O king. And this craving has arisen within me: I desire at sunrise to see a fourfold army drawn up, clad in armor, standing in a pleasant place, and to drink the rinsings of swords." "Whence are we, wretched

folk, to obtain a fourfold army drawn up, clad in armor, standing in a pleasant place, and the rinsings of swords?" "If, O king, I do not obtain my desire, I shall die."

Now at that time the Brahman who was the house-priest of Brahmadatta king of Kāsi was a friend of Dīghīti king of Kosala. Accordingly Dīghīti king of Kosala approached the Brahman who was the house-priest of Brahmadatta king of Kāsi. And having approached, he said this to the Brahman who was the house-priest of Brahmadatta king of Kāsi: "Sir, your female friend is with child. And this craving has arisen within her: She desires at sunrise to see a fourfold army drawn up, clad in armor, standing in a pleasant place, and to drink the rinsings of swords." "Very well, O king, we also will see the queen."

Now the consort of Dīghīti king of Kosala approached the Brahman who was the house-priest of Brahmadatta king of Kāsi. The Brahman who was the house-priest of Brahmadatta king of Kāsi saw the consort of Dīghīti king of Kosala approaching even from afar. And seeing her, he rose from his seat, adjusted his upper robe so as to cover one shoulder only, and bending his joined hands in reverent salutation before the consort of Dīghīti king of Kosala, thrice breathed forth the utterance:

"All hail! A king of Kosala shall be born of thee! All hail! A king of Kosala shall be born of thee!" Then he said: "Be not distressed, O queen. You shall obtain your desire to see at sunrise a fourfold army drawn up, clad in armor, standing in a pleasant place, and to drink the rinsings of swords."

Thereupon the Brahman who was the house-priest of Brahmadatta king of Kāsi approached Brahmadatta king of Kāsi. And having approached, he said this to Brahmadatta king of Kāsi: "Thus, O king, the signs appear: To-morrow at sunrise let the fourfold army be drawn up, clad in armor, standing in a pleasant place, and let the swords be washed." Accordingly Brahmadatta king of Kāsi ordered his men: "Do as the Brahman who is my house-priest has said." Thus the consort of Dīghīti king of Kosala obtained her desire to see at sunrise a fourfold army drawn up, clad in armor, standing in a pleasant place, and to drink the rinsings of swords. And when that unborn child had reached maturity, the consort of Dīghīti king of Kosala brought forth a son, and they called his name Dīghāvu. And in no very long time Prince Dīghāvu reached the age of reason.

Now to Dīghīti king of Kosala occurred the following thought: "This Brahmadatta king of Kāsi has done us much injury. He has robbed us of army

and vehicles and territory and treasuries and storehouses. If he recognizes us, he will cause all three of us to be put to death. Suppose I were to cause Prince Dīghāvu to dwell outside of the city!" Accordingly Dīghīti king of Kosala caused Prince Dīghāvu to dwell outside of the city. And Prince Dīghāvu, residing outside of the city, in no very long time acquired all the arts and crafts.

Now at that time the barber of Dīghīti king of Kosala resided at the court of Brahmadatta king of Kāsi. The barber of Dīghīti king of Kosala saw Dīghīti king of Kosala residing with his consort in a certain place on the outskirts of Benāres, in a potter's dwelling, in disguise, in the guise of a wandering ascetic. When he saw him, he approached Brahmadatta king of Kāsi. And having approached, he said this to Brahmadatta king of Kāsi: "O king, Dīghīti king of Kosala is residing with his consort in a certain place on the outskirts of Benāres, in a potter's dwelling, in disguise, in the guise of a wandering ascetic."

Thereupon Brahmadatta king of Kāsi ordered his men: "Now then, bring Dīghīti king of Kosala with his consort before me." "Yes, your majesty," said those men to Brahmadatta king of Kāsi; and in obedience to his command brought Dīghīti king of Kosala with his consort before him. Then Brah-

madatta king of Kāsi ordered his men: "Now then, take Dīghīti king of Kosala with his consort, bind their arms tight behind their backs with a stout rope, shave their heads, and to the loud beating of a drum lead them about from street to street, from crossing to crossing, conduct them out of the South gate, hack their bodies into four pieces south of the city, and throw the pieces in the four directions."

"Yes, your majesty," said those men to Brahmadatta king of Kāsi; and in obedience to his command took Dīghīti king of Kosala with his consort, bound their arms tight behind their backs with a stout rope, shaved their heads, and to the loud beating of a drum led them about from street to street, from crossing to crossing.

Now to Prince Dīghāvu occurred the following thought: "It is a long time since I have seen my mother and father. Suppose I were to see my mother and father!" Accordingly Prince Dīghāvu entered Benāres, and saw his mother and father, their arms bound tight behind their backs, their heads shaven, being led about, to the loud beating of a drum, from street to street, from crossing to crossing. When he saw this, he approached his mother and father.

Dīghīti king of Kosala saw Prince Dīghāvu approaching even from afar. When he saw him, he said this to Prince Dīghāvu: "Dear Dīghāvu, do not

look long! Do not look short! For, dear Dīghāvu, hatreds are not quenched by hatred. Nay rather, dear Dīghāvu, hatreds are quenched by love."

At these words those men said this to Dīghīti king of Kosala: "This Dīghīti king of Kosala is stark mad, and talks gibberish. Who is Dīghāvu to him? To whom did he speak thus: 'Dear Dīghāvu, do not look long! Do not look short! For, dear Dīghāvu, hatreds are not quenched by hatred. Nay rather, dear Dīghāvu, hatreds are quenched by love'?" "I am not stark mad, I assure you, nor do I talk gibberish. However, he that is intelligent will understand clearly." For the second and the third time Dīghīti king of Kosala spoke thus to Prince Dīghāvu, and those men spoke thus to Dīghīti king of Kosala.

Then those men led Dīghīti king of Kosala with his consort about from street to street, from crossing to crossing, conducted them out of the South gate, hacked their bodies into four pieces south of the city, threw the pieces in the four directions, posted a guard of soldiers, and departed.

Thereupon Prince Dīghāvu entered Benāres, procured liquor, and gave it to the soldiers to drink. When they were drunk and had fallen, he gathered sticks of wood, built a pyre, placed the bodies of his mother and father on the pyre, lighted it, and with

joined hands upraised in reverent salutation thrice made sunwise circuit of the pyre.

Now at that time Brahmadatta king of Kāsi was on an upper floor of his splendid palace. And Brahmadatta king of Kāsi saw Prince Dīghāvu, with joined hands upraised in reverent salutation, thrice making sunwise circuit of the pyre. When he saw this, the following thought occurred to him: "Without doubt that man is a kinsman or blood-relative of Dīghīti king of Kosala. Alas, my wretched misfortune, for no one will tell me the facts!"

Now Prince Dīghāvu went to the forest, wailed and wept his fill, and wiped his tears away. Then he entered Benāres, went to the elephant-stable adjoining the royal palace, and said this to the elephant-trainer: "Trainer, I wish to learn your art." "Very well, young man, learn it." Accordingly Prince Dīghāvu rose at night, at time of dawn, and sang and played the lute with charming voice in the elephant-stable.

Brahmadatta king of Kāsi heard him as he rose at night, at time of dawn, and sang and played the lute with charming voice in the elephant-stable. Hearing him, he asked his men: "Who was it, pray, that rose at night, at time of dawn, and sang and played the lute with charming voice in the elephant-stable?" "Your majesty, it was a young man, the

pupil of such-and-such an elephant-trainer, who rose at night, at time of dawn, and sang and played the lute with charming voice in the elephant-stable." "Very well, bring that young man to me." "Yes, your majesty," said those men to Brahmadatta king of Kāsi; and in obedience to his command brought Prince Dīghāvu to him.

"Was it you, young man, who rose at night, at time of dawn, and sang and played the lute with charming voice in the elephant-stable?" "Yes, your majesty." "Very well, young man, sing and play the lute for me." "Yes, your majesty," said Prince Dīghāvu to Brahmadatta king of Kāsi; and in obedience to his command, desiring to win his favor, sang and played the lute with charming voice.

Thereupon Brahmadatta king of Kāsi said this to Prince Dīghāvu: "You, young man, may wait upon me." "Yes, your majesty," said Prince Dīghāvu to Brahmadatta king of Kāsi, and obeyed his command. And Prince Dīghāvu rose in advance of Brahmadatta king of Kāsi, retired after him, obeyed his every command, conducted himself in a pleasing manner, spoke in a friendly manner. And in no very long time Brahmadatta king of Kāsi appointed Prince Dīghāvu to a highly confidential position.

Now Brahmadatta king of Kāsi said this to

Prince Dīghāvu: "Now then, young man, harness the chariot; I wish to go a-hunting." "Yes, your majesty," said Prince Dīghāvu to Brahmadatta king of Kāsi. And having, in obedience to the king's command, harnessed the chariot, he said this to Brahmadatta king of Kāsi: "Your majesty, the chariot is harnessed for you; do as you think fit." Thereupon Brahmadatta king of Kāsi mounted the chariot; Prince Dīghāvu drove the chariot. In such wise did he drive the chariot that the army went one way, the chariot the other.

Now when he had gone a long way, Brahmadatta king of Kāsi said this to Prince Dīghāvu: "Now then, young man, unharness the chariot. I am tired: I wish to lie down." "Yes, your majesty," said Prince Dīghāvu to Brahmadatta king of Kāsi; and in obedience to his command unharnessed the chariot and sat down on the ground cross-legged. And Brahmadatta king of Kāsi lay down, placing his head in Prince Dīghāvu's lap. So tired was he that in the mere fraction of a moment he fell asleep.

Thereupon to Prince Dīghāvu occurred the following thought: "This Brahmadatta king of Kāsi has done us much injury. He has robbed us of army and vehicles and territory and treasuries and storehouses. And he has killed my mother and father. This would be the very time for me to satisfy my

hatred!" And he drew sword from sheath. Then to Prince Dīghāvu occurred the following thought: "My father said to me in the hour of death: 'Dear Dīghāvu, do not look long! Do not look short! For, dear Dīghāvu, hatreds are not quenched by hatred. Nay rather, dear Dīghāvu, hatreds are quenched by love.' It is not fitting that I should transgress the command of my father." And he returned sword to sheath. And this happened a second time, and a third time.

Suddenly Brahmadatta king of Kāsi rose, frightened, agitated, alarmed, terrified. Thereupon Prince Dīghāvu said this to Brahmadatta king of Kāsi: "Why, your majesty, did you rise so suddenly, frightened, agitated, alarmed, terrified?" "Right here, young man, Prince Dīghāvu, son of Dīghīti king of Kosala, fell upon me with his sword in a dream. Therefore I rose suddenly, frightened, agitated, alarmed, terrified."

Then Prince Dīghāvu, stroking the head of Brahmadatta king of Kāsi with his left hand, and drawing his sword with his right hand, said this to Brahmadatta king of Kāsi: "I, your majesty, am Prince Dīghāvu, son of Dīghīti king of Kosala. You have done us much injury. You have robbed us of army and vehicles and territory and treasuries and storehouses. And you have killed my mother and father.

This would be the very time for me to satisfy my hatred!"

Thereupon Brahmadatta king of Kāsi prostrated himself on his face at the feet of Prince Dīghāvu, and said this to Prince Dīghāvu: "Grant me my life, dear Dīghāvu! Grant me my life, dear Dīghāvu!" "How have I the power to grant your majesty your life? Your majesty, however, might grant me my life." "Very well, dear Dīghāvu. You grant me my life, and I will grant you your life." Then Brahmadatta king of Kāsi and Prince Dīghāvu granted each other their lives and shook hands and swore an oath not to injure each other.

Then Brahmadatta king of Kāsi said this to Prince Dīghāvu: "Now then, dear Dīghāvu, harness the chariot; let us be going." "Yes, your majesty," said Prince Dīghāvu to Brahmadatta king of Kāsi. And having, in obedience to the king's command, harnessed the chariot, he said this to Brahmadatta king of Kāsi: "Your majesty, the chariot is harnessed for you; do as you think fit." Thereupon Brahmadatta king of Kāsi mounted the chariot; Prince Dīghāvu drove the chariot. In such wise did he drive the chariot that in no very long time he came up with the army.

Then Brahmadatta king of Kāsi entered Benāres, caused the ministers of his council to be assembled,

and said this: "If, sirs, you were to see Prince Dīghāvu, son of Dīghīti king of Kosala, what would you do to him?" Some spoke thus: "We, your majesty, would cut off his hands." Others spoke thus: "We, your majesty, would cut off his feet." "We would cut off his hands and feet." "We would cut off his ears." "We would cut off his nose." "We would cut off his ears and nose." "We, your majesty, would cut off his head." "Sirs, this is Prince Dīghāvu, son of Dīghīti king of Kosala; it is not permissible to do anything to him. He has granted me my life, and I have granted him his life."

Then Brahmadatta king of Kāsi said this to Prince Dīghāvu: "When, dear Dīghāvu, your father said to you in the hour of death: 'Dear Dīghāvu, do not look long! Do not look short! For, dear Dīghāvu, hatreds are not quenched by hatred. Nay rather, dear Dīghāvu, hatreds are quenched by love,' what did your father mean by that?" "When, your majesty, my father said to me in the hour of death: 'Not long,' what he meant was: 'Do not cherish hatred long.' This, your majesty, is what my father meant when he said to me in the hour of death: 'Not long.' When, your majesty, my father said to me in the hour of death: 'Not short,' what he meant was: 'Do not break with your friends quickly.' This, your

majesty, is what my father meant when he said to me in the hour of death: 'Not short.'

"When, your majesty, my father said to me in the hour of death: 'For, dear Dīghāvu, hatreds are not quenched by hatred. Nay rather, dear Dīghāvu, hatreds are quenched by love,' what he meant to have me understand was this: Your majesty has killed my mother and father. Were I to deprive your majesty of life, your majesty's well-wishers would deprive me of life, and my well-wishers would deprive yours of life. Thus that hatred would not be quenched by hatred. But as matters stand, your majesty has granted me my life, and I have granted your majesty his life. Thus hatred has been quenched by love. This, your majesty, is what my father meant when he said to me in the hour of death: 'For, dear Dīghāvu, hatreds are not quenched by hatred. Nay rather, dear Dīghāvu, hatreds are quenched by love.' "

Thereupon Brahmadatta king of Kāsi exclaimed: "O how wonderful, O how marvelous, that this Prince Dīghāvu should understand in its fulness a matter which his father expressed so briefly!" And he restored to him the army and vehicles and territory and treasuries and storehouses of his fathers, and gave him his daughter in marriage.

"For, monks, of these kings who took the rod, who took the sword, such is said to have been the patience and gentleness. How much more, monks, should you, who have retired from the world under a Doctrine and Discipline so well taught, let your light so shine in this world as to be known of men as patient and gentle." And for the third time the Exalted One said this to those monks: "Enough, monks! No quarreling! No brawling! No contending! No wrangling!"

7. *Antelope, Woodpecker, Tortoise, and Hunter.*

In union there is strength.

Jātaka 206: ii. 152-155.

On a certain occasion the Teacher related the following story:

In times past, when Brahmadatta ruled at Benāres, the Future Buddha was an antelope and made his home in a certain thicket in a forest, not far from a certain lake. Not far from that same lake, on the tip of a certain tree, perched a woodpecker. Moreover in the lake a tortoise made his home. Thus did those three live together as friends, kindly affectionate one towards another.

Now a certain hunter, on his way through the forest, seeing the tracks of the Future Buddha at the place where the animals went to drink, set a trap, resembling an iron foot-chain, only made of leathern strips, and went his way. In the very first watch of the night the Future Buddha, coming to drink of the water, became entangled in the trap and cried the cry of a captured animal.

When he made that sound, from the tip of the tree came the woodpecker and out of the water

came the tortoise. And they took counsel together, saying: "What's to be done now?" Then said the woodpecker, addressing the tortoise: "Master, you have teeth; you saw this trap in two. I'll go and manage things in such a way that that hunter sha'n't come near. Thus, if the two of us do our very best, our friend will save his life." And explaining this matter, he uttered the first stanza:

Come, tortoise! use your teeth, and cut the leathern trap!
I'll manage things in such a way the hunter shall not come!

The tortoise began to chew the strips of leather. The woodpecker went to the village where the hunter lived. At the first signs of dawn, the hunter took his knife and started to leave the house. The bird, observing that he was leaving the house, shrieked, flapped his wings, and struck him in the face just as he was coming out of the front door. Thought the hunter: "I have been struck by a bird of evil omen." So he went back, lay down for a little while, and then got up again and took his knife.

The bird knew: "This fellow first came out of the front door. This time he will come out of the back door." So he went and perched back of the house. As for the hunter, he thought: "When I went out of the front door, I saw a bird of evil omen. This time I will go out of the back door." So he went out

of the back door. Again the bird shrieked, flew at him, and struck him in the face. The hunter, struck once again by that bird of evil omen, made up his mind: "That bird will not permit me to go out." So he went back, lay down until the dawn came up, and when it was dawn, took his knife and went out. The bird went quickly and told the Future Buddha: "The hunter is coming!"

At that moment the tortoise had chewed all of the strips except just one strap. But his teeth had got to the point where they were ready to drop, and his jaws were smeared with blood. The Future Buddha saw the hunter, knife in hand, coming on with lightning-speed. Rending that strap, he entered the wood. The bird perched on the tip of the tree. But the tortoise was so weak that he continued to lie right there. The hunter threw the tortoise into a sack and hung the sack on some stump or other.

The Future Buddha came back, looked about, and perceived that the tortoise had been taken captive. "I will grant my friend the boon of life!" he resolved. So feigning weakness, he showed himself to the hunter. "That antelope must be very weak," thought the hunter: "I will kill him." And knife in hand, he started after him. The Future Buddha, keeping not too far away and not too near, led him on and entered the forest. When he thought he had

At that moment the tortoise had chewed all of the strips except just one strap.

gone far enough, he disguised his tracks, went by another path with the speed of the wind, lifted the sack on his horn, flung it on the ground, broke it open, and let out the tortoise. As for the woodpecker, he came down from the tree.

The Future Buddha, admonishing his two friends, said: "I, through you, have obtained my life. You have done for me what a friend should do for a friend. At any moment the hunter may come and catch you. Therefore, Master woodpecker, do you take your fledglings and go elsewhere; and do you, Master tortoise, enter the water." They did so.

The Teacher, as Supreme Buddha, uttered the second stanza:

> The tortoise entered the water,
> The antelope entered the wood,
> The woodpecker from that dangerous path
> Took his fledglings far away.

When the hunter returned to that spot and saw nothing at all, he took the tattered sack and went to his own house in deep dejection. As for those three friends, they lived all their lives long with never a break in their friendly relations, and then passed away according to their deeds.

8. *Brahmadatta and Mallika.*

Overcome evil with good.

Jātaka 151: ii. 1-5.

On a certain occasion king Pasenadi Kosala, after deciding litigations in the Hall of Justice, came hastily to pay his respects to the Teacher. Said the Teacher: "Great king, to decide litigations righteously and justly is a good thing. It is the Path to Heaven. But this is no remarkable thing, that you, receiving admonition from an Omniscient Buddha like me, should decide litigations righteously and justly. This alone is remarkable, that kings of old, listening to the words of men who were wise but not omniscient, decided litigations righteously and justly, avoided the Four Evil Courses, kept inviolate the Ten Royal Virtues, ruled justly, and departed fulfilling the Path to Heaven." Then, in response to a request of the king, he related the following Story of the Past:

In times past, when Brahmadatta ruled at Benāres, the Future Buddha received a new existence as the child of his chief consort. On his name-day he was given the name Prince Brahmadatta. In due time he grew up. When he was sixteen years old, he went to Takkasilā, acquired proficiency in all the arts and crafts, and on the death of his father, became established in the kingdom.

He ruled righteously and justly. He avoided the Four Evil Courses in rendering judgments. Since

he himself ruled so righteously, the ministers of justice also transacted their affairs with an eye to righteousness alone. Since the ministers of justice transacted their affairs righteously, there were no men who brought dishonest litigations. For lack of them, hubbub over litigations in the king's courtyard ceased. Every day ministers of justice took their seats in the place of litigation, but seeing no one come for litigation, departed. The place of litigation became abandoned.

The Future Buddha thought: "Since I have been ruling righteously, no men at all have come for litigation, the hubbub has ceased, the place of litigation has become abandoned. The time has come for me to find out whether I have any fault. If I know, 'This, for example, is a fault in me,' I will get rid of it and have to do with good qualities only." From that time on he mingled with indoor-folk and tested them with the question, "Is there anybody who says I have a fault?" He met with no one who said he had a fault, but heard mentioned only his own good qualities. "It may be because these people are afraid of me that they refrain from mentioning faults in me and speak only of my good qualities."

He tested the outdoor-folk, but among them also met no one. He tested those who dwelt within the city. He took his stand in the settlements at the four

gates and tested those who dwelt without the city. Among them also he met with no one who said he had a fault, but heard mentioned only his good qualities. "I will test the countryside," thought he. So turning over the kingdom to his ministers, he mounted his chariot, departed from the city in disguise, accompanied only by his charioteer, and went as far as the frontier testing the countryside. Meeting with no one who said he had a fault, but hearing mentioned only his good qualities, he turned back from the frontier and started back for the city on the highway.

Now at this time a king of Kosala named Mallika, a righteous ruler, was also trying to find out whether he had any faults. Meeting with no one among either indoor-folk or others who said he had a fault, but hearing mentioned only his own good qualities, he went to that region testing the countryside. Both kings met face to face in a single wagon-track leading through a swamp. There was no room for either chariot to turn out.

Now King Mallika's charioteer said to the charioteer of the king of Benāres: "Get your chariot out of the way!" Said the charioteer of the King of Benāres: "Master charioteer, get your chariot out of the way! In this chariot sits the lord of the realm of Benāres, the mighty king Brahmadatta!" Re-

torted King Mallika's charioteer: "Master charioteer, in this chariot sits the lord of the realm of Kosala, the mighty king Mallika! Get your chariot out of the way! Make room for the chariot of our king!" Thought the charioteer of the king of Benāres: "He also is every inch a king, to be sure. What's to be done?" He came to the conclusion: "This is the way: I will find out the ages of the two kings and cause the chariot of the younger to turn out and make room for the chariot of the older."

Accordingly the charioteer of the king of Benāres asked the other charioteer the age of the king of Kosala. Comparing the ages of the two kings, he discovered that both kings were of exactly the same age. He then made inquiry regarding the extent of his kingdom, his army, his wealth, his reputation, and his position in respect of caste, race, and family. He discovered: "Both are lords of kingdoms three hundred leagues in extent; they are equals as regards army, wealth, and reputation; they are in the same position in respect of caste, race, and family." Then he thought: "I will make room for that king who is more advanced in the practice of morality." Accordingly the charioteer of the king of Benāres asked the charioteer of the king of Kosala: "What is your king's practice of morality like?" The charioteer of the king of Kosala replied: "Such-and-such

is our king's practice of morality." And proclaiming, as though they were good qualities, only the faults of his own king, he uttered the first stanza:

> Firmness he flings in the face of the firm;
> Mallika overcomes kindly with kindness,
> Good with good, evil with evil.
> Such is this king. Charioteer, turn out of the road.

But the charioteer of the king of Benāres said to him: "What! Are these the good qualities of your own king which you have just recited?" "Yes." "Well! If these are his good qualities, what must his faults be like? Now then, listen." So saying, the charioteer of the king of Benāres uttered the second stanza:

> He overcomes anger with kindness,
> He overcomes evil with good,
> The stingy with gifts, the liar with truth.
> Such is this king. Charioteer, turn out of the road.

Hearing these words, King Mallika and his charioteer both got down from the chariot, unharnessed the horses, removed the chariot, and gave the road to the king of Benāres.

The king of Benāres admonished King Mallika, saying: "Thus and so must one do." Having so said, he went to Benāres, gave alms and performed the

other works of merit, and when his term of life was come to an end, fulfilled the Path to Heaven.

As for King Mallika, he accepted the admonition of the king of Benāres, tested the countryside, met with no one who said he had a fault, and went to his own city. Having given alms and having performed the other works of merit, when his term of life was come to an end, he also fulfilled the Path to Heaven.

9. *A Buddhist Tar-Baby.*

Keep the Precepts.

Jātaka 55: i. 272-275.

The man whose heart clings not. This parable was related by the Teacher while he was in residence at Jetavana with reference to a monk who relaxed effort. For, addressing that monk, the Teacher asked: "Monk, is it true, as they allege, that you have relaxed effort?" "True, Exalted One!" "Monk," said the Teacher, "in former times wise men exerted themselves on an occasion when it was necessary for them to exert themselves, and by so doing attained the glory of dominion." So saying, he related the following Story of the Past:

In times past, when Brahmadatta ruled at Benāres, the Future Buddha received a new existence as the child of the chief consort of that king. On the day when he received his name, his parents, after delighting eight hundred Brahmans with all of the Pleasures of Sense, inquired regarding the signs. The Brahmans, skilled in the discernment of signs as they were, seeing that he possessed the signs of a Great Man, made the following prediction: "Great king, the prince possesses merit; upon your decease he will attain the sovereignty; he will become the foremost man in the Land of the Rose-apple, and will be celebrated, will be renowned, for his deeds

with the five weapons." His parents, hearing these words of the Brahmans, in selecting a name for the prince, gave him the name Prince Five-weapons.

Now when he reached the age of discretion, when he was about sixteen years of age, the king addressed him. "Son," said the king, "acquire the arts and crafts." "Under what teacher shall I acquire them, your majesty?" "Son, go acquire them under a world-renowned teacher who resides in the city of Takkasilā in the kingdom of Gandhāra; here is the fee for you to give to this teacher." So saying, he gave him a thousand pieces of money and sent him on his way.

The prince went there and acquired the arts and crafts. Having so done, he took the five weapons which his teacher gave him, bowed to his teacher, departed from the city of Takkasilā, and girded with the five weapons, struck into the road leading to Benāres. On the way he came to a certain forest infested by an ogre named Sticky-hair. Now at the mouth of the forest men who saw him tried to dissuade him from entering, saying: "Sir prince, do not enter this forest; an ogre named Sticky-hair lives here; he kills every man he sees."

The Future Buddha, confident of himself, fearless as a maned lion, entered the forest just the same. When he reached the heart of that forest, that

ogre showed himself to the Future Buddha. He had increased his stature to the height of a palm-tree; he had created for himself a head as big as a summer-house with bell-shaped pinnacle, eyes as big as alms-bowls, two tusks as big as giant bulbs or buds; he had the beak of a hawk; his belly was covered with blotches; his hands and feet were dark green.

Having shown himself to the Future Buddha, he said: "Where are you going? halt! you are my prey!" But the Future Buddha said to him: "Ogre, I knew what I was about when I entered this forest. You would do well to be careful about attacking me, for with an arrow steeped in poison will I pierce your flesh and fell you on the spot!" Having thus threatened him, the Future Buddha fitted to his bow an arrow steeped in deadly poison and let fly.

It stuck right to the ogre's hair. Then he let fly, one after another, fifty arrows. All stuck right to the ogre's hair. The ogre shook off every one of those arrows, letting them fall right at his feet, and approached the Future Buddha. The Future Buddha threatened him once more, and drawing his sword, smote him with it. The sword, thirty-three inches long, stuck right to the ogre's hair. Then he hit him with a spear. That also stuck right to his hair. Perceiving that the spear had stuck, he smote him with a club. That also stuck right to his hair.

Then he hit him with a spear.

Perceiving that the club had stuck, he said: "Master ogre, you have never heard of me before. I am Prince Five-weapons. When I entered this forest infested by you, I took no account of bows and such-like weapons; when I entered this forest, I took account only of myself. Now I am going to beat you and pound you into powder and dust!" Having thus made known his determination, with a yell he struck the ogre with his right hand. His hand stuck right to the ogre's hair. He struck him with his left hand. That also stuck. He struck him with his right foot. That also stuck. He struck him with his left foot. That also stuck. Thought he: "I will beat you with my head and pound you into powder and dust!" He struck him with his head. That also stuck right to the ogre's hair.

The Future Buddha, snared five times, stuck fast in five places, dangled from the ogre's body. But for all that, he was unafraid, undaunted. As for the ogre, he thought: "This is some lion of a man, some man of noble birth,—no mere man! For although he has been caught by an ogre like me, he appears neither to tremble nor to quake! In all the time I have harried this road, I have never seen a single man to match him! Why, pray, is he not afraid?" Not daring to eat him, he asked: "Youth, why are

you not afraid? why are you not terrified with the fear of death?"

"Ogre, why should I be afraid? for in one state of existence one death is absolutely certain. What's more, I have in my belly a thunderbolt for weapon. If you eat me, you will not be able to digest that weapon. It will tear your insides into tatters and fragments and will kill you. In that case we'll both perish. That's why I'm not afraid!" (In these terms, we are told, the Future Buddha referred to the Weapon of Knowledge within himself.)

Hearing this, the ogre thought: "What this youth says is true, every word of it. From the body of this lion of a man, my stomach would not be able to digest a fragment of flesh even so small as a kidney bean. I'll let him go!" Terrified with the fear of death, he let the Future Buddha go, saying: "Youth, you're a lion of a man! I'll not eat your flesh. Do you, this moment released from my hand, even as the moon is released from the Jaws of Rāhu, go gladden the circle of your kinsfolk and well-wishers!"

Then said the Future Buddha to the ogre: "Ogre, I'll go presently. But you, because in a former state of existence also you wrought evil, have been reborn as an ogre, cruel, red-handed, feeding on the flesh and blood of others. If in this state of existence also,

so long as you live, you do evil deeds, you will go from darkness to darkness. But from the moment you saw me, it has been impossible for you to do evil deeds. Such a crime as taking the life of living beings means rebirth in hell, in the animal kingdom, in the region of the fathers, in the world of the fallen deities; should you be reborn in the world of men, you will live but a short time and soon pass away."

In such wise did the Future Buddha recite the disadvantages of doing deeds contrary to the Precepts, and the advantages of keeping the Five Precepts. With one reason after another he terrified the ogre, preached the Doctrine to him, subdued him, made him self-denying. Having established him in the Five Precepts, he bade him practice them. Then he transformed him into a spirit entitled to receive offerings in the forest, and having admonished him to be heedful, departed from the forest. At the mouth of the forest he told his story to human beings. Then, girded with the five weapons, he went to Benāres and visited his mother and father. After a time becoming established in the kingdom, he ruled righteously, gave alms and performed the other works of merit, and passed away according to his deeds.

10. *Vedabbha and the Thieves.*

Cupidity is the root of ruin.

Jātaka 48: i. 252-256.

Whoever seeks advantage by wrong means. This was said by the Teacher while he was in residence at Jetavana with reference to a disobedient monk. For to this monk the Teacher said: "Monk, not only in your present state of existence are you disobedient, but in a previous state of existence also you were just as disobedient. And through this same habit of disobedience, because you disregarded the words of wise men, you were cleft in twain with a sharp sword and left lying on the road. And through your own fault, and yours alone, a thousand men met destruction." So saying, he related the following Story of the Past:

In times past, when Brahmadatta ruled at Benāres, there lived in a certain little village a certain Brahman who knew a charm called the Vedabbha charm. This charm, we are told, was beyond price, of great worth. When the moon was in conjunction with a certain constellation, the Brahman would look up at the sky and recite that charm, and straightway the Rain of the Seven Jewels would rain from the sky.

At that time the Future Buddha was learning the arts and crafts in the house of that Brahman. Now one day the Brahman, accompanied by the Future Buddha, departed from his own village and set out

for the kingdom of Cetiya on some business or other. Along the road, at a certain place in the forest, five hundred Despatcher-thieves were in the habit of committing outrages on travelers. They captured both the Future Buddha and Brahman Vedabbha.

(But why were these thieves called *Despatcher-thieves?* We are told that whenever they captured two persons, they would *despatch* one of them to fetch ransom-money; therefore they were appropriately called *Despatcher-thieves.* For example, if they captured father and son, they would say to the father: "Fetch us ransom-money first; then you may take your son and go." Similarly, if they captured mother and daughter, they would despatch the mother; if they captured an older and a younger brother, they would despatch the older; if they captured teacher and pupil, they would despatch the pupil.)

So it was on this occasion. Having captured the Brahman Vedabbha, they despatched the Future Buddha. The Future Buddha bowed to his teacher and said: "I will return in the course of a day or two. Have no fear. However, do as I tell you. To-day will occur the conjunction of the moon which causes the Rain of Riches. Under no circumstances, because you cannot endure your misfortune, must you recite the charm and cause the Rain

of Riches. If you do so, you will yourself come to ruin, and these five hundred thieves likewise." Having thus admonished his teacher, he went for the ransom-money.

When the sun had set, the thieves bound the Brahman and laid him down. At that very moment, from the eastern quarter rose the disk of the full moon. The Brahman surveyed the constellations and reflected: "The conjunction of the moon which causes the Rain of Riches is at hand. Why should I endure misfortune? I will recite the charm, cause the Rain of Riches, give the riches to the thieves, and go where I please."

Accordingly he addressed the thieves: "Well, thieves, for what purpose did you capture me?" "For ransom-money, noble sir." "If you want ransom-money, quickly free me from my bonds, bathe my head, clothe me with new garments, perfume me with scents, deck me with flowers, and set me on my feet." The thieves, hearing his words, did so. The Brahman, noting the conjunction of the moon, recited the charm and looked up at the sky. Straightway jewels fell from the sky.

The thieves gathered up that wealth, wrapped it in folds of their upper garments, and went their way. The Brahman followed close behind them. Now a second pack of five hundred thieves captured

the first pack of thieves. "For what purpose did you capture us?" inquired the first. "For ransom-money," replied the second. "If you want money, capture this Brahman. It was he who, by looking up at the sky, caused a Rain of Riches; he is the man who gave us this wealth."

The second pack released the first, captured the Brahman, and said to him: "Give us wealth too." Said the Brahman: "I would gladly give you wealth. But the conjunction of the moon which causes the Rain of Riches will not occur for a year yet. If you want money, have patience, and I will cause the Rain of Riches then." At this the thieves became enraged and said: "Oh, you rascally Brahman! You caused a Rain of Riches for others but a moment ago, but you tell us to hold our patience for another year!" So saying, they cleft the Brahman in twain with a sharp sword and left him lying on the road.

Then the second pack pursued the first pack hotly, fought with them, killed every man of them, and took the spoils. Again dividing into two packs, they fought with each other until one pack of two hundred and fifty had killed the other. Continuing in this wise, they killed each other off until there were only two men left. Thus those thousand men came to ruin. Now those two men, having gotten

away with the spoils by a ruse, hid the spoils in a thicket near a certain village. One sat guarding the spoils with sword in hand; the other, having procured rice, entered the village to have some porridge cooked.

"Cupidity is the root of ruin!"

The man sitting by the spoils reflected: "When this fellow returns, this wealth will have to be divided into two portions. Suppose I were to strike him with the sword and kill him the very moment he returns!" So girding on his sword, he sat watching for his companion to return.

His companion reflected: "That wealth will have to be divided into two portions. Suppose I were to put poison in the porridge, let that fellow eat it, cause his death, and get the spoils for myself alone!" So when the porridge was done, he ate some himself, put poison in the rest, and then took it and went to the thicket.

The moment the second thief took that porridge out and set it down, the first thief cleft him in twain with his sword and flung his remains away in a secluded spot. Then he ate that porridge and himself died on the spot. Thus, by reason of that wealth, every one of those men came to ruin.

As for the Future Buddha, he returned in the course of a day or two with the ransom-money. Not

seeing his teacher where he had left him, but seeing the spoils scattered all about, he reflected: "It must be that my teacher disregarded my words and caused the Rain of Riches; it must be that all of those men have come to ruin." And he continued his walk along the highway.

As he proceeded, he saw his teacher lying on the highway, cleft in twain. Thought he: "My teacher disregarded my words and is dead." Then he gathered firewood, built a pyre, cremated his teacher, and honored him with forest-flowers.

As he proceeded, he saw farther on five hundred thieves who had met destruction; farther on yet, two hundred and fifty; and so on until finally he came upon two. Thought he: "These thousand thieves have come to ruin save only two. There must be two thieves besides. They also could never have restrained themselves. Where can they be?"

As he proceeded, he saw the footprints of the two thieves who had entered the thicket with the spoils. Proceeding farther, he saw first a heap of riches wrapped up in a bundle, and then one of the two thieves dead with a porridge-bowl overturned beside him. Then he knew all. "Such-and-such they must have done," thought he. Then he reflected: "Where can that fellow be?" Making a search, he found his

body also flung away in a secluded spot. Then he reflected:

"Our teacher, because he disregarded my words, through his own habit of disobedience, through his own fault, has come to ruin. Moreover through him a thousand men besides have perished. Alas! By employing wrong means, for no reason at all, seeking gain for themselves, these thieves, like our teacher, must all have come to a fearful end indeed!" And he recited the following stanza:

> Whoever seeks advantage by wrong means, comes to grief.
> Thieves slew Vedabbha, and all met destruction.

Thus, by the recitation of this stanza, did the Future Buddha preach the Doctrine. And the spirits of the forest made the forest ring with their applause. Then said the Future Buddha: "Just as our teacher, putting forth effort by wrong means, at the wrong time, caused the Rain of Riches, and thus himself met destruction and became the cause of others' ruin, precisely so whoever else besides shall exert himself, seeking advantage for himself by wrong means, shall himself come to ruin and shall become the cause of others' ruin."

Employing right means, the Future Buddha removed that wealth to his own home, and during the remainder of the term of life allotted to him gave

alms and performed the other works of merit. And when his life came to an end, he passed away, fulfilling the Path to Heaven.

Said the Teacher: "Monk, not only in your present state of existence are you disobedient, but in a previous state of existence also you were disobedient. And because of your habit of disobedience you came to a fearful end." And having completed this parable, he identified the personages in the Birth-story as follows: "At that time the Brahman Vedabbha was the disobedient monk, but the pupil was I myself."

11. The Anger-Eating Ogre.

Refrain from anger.

Saṁyutta i. 237-238.

Thus have I heard: Once upon a time the Exalted One was in residence at Jetavana. At that time the Exalted One addressed the monks: "Monks!" "Reverend Sir!" said those monks to the Exalted One in reply. The Exalted One said this:

In former times, monks, a certain ogre, ill-favored, dwarfish, sat in the seat of Sakka king of gods. Thereat, monks, the gods of the Thirty-three became annoyed, offended, indignant: "O how wonderful, O how marvelous, that this ogre, ill-favored, dwarfish, should sit in the seat of Sakka king of gods!"

The more, monks, the gods of the Thirty-three became annoyed, offended, indignant, the more did that ogre become handsome and pleasing to look upon and gracious. Then, monks, the gods of the Thirty-three approached Sakka king of gods. And having approached, they said this to Sakka king of gods:

"Here, Sire, a certain ogre, ill-favored, dwarfish, sits in your seat. Thereat, Sire, the gods of the Thirty-three are annoyed, offended, indignant: 'O

"Here, Sire, a certain ogre, ill-favored, dwarfish, sits in your seat."

how wonderful, O how marvelous, that this ogre, ill-favored, dwarfish, should sit in the seat of Sakka king of gods!' The more, Sire, the gods of the Thirty-three become annoyed, offended, indignant, the more does that ogre become handsome and pleasing to look upon and gracious. For, Sire, of a surety he must be an anger-eating ogre!"

Thereupon, monks, Sakka king of gods approached that anger-eating ogre. And having approached, he adjusted his upper robe so as to cover one shoulder only, touched his right kneepan to the ground, bent his joined hands in reverent salutation before that anger-eating ogre, and thrice proclaimed his name: "Sire, I am Sakka king of gods! Sire, I am Sakka king of gods! Sire, I am Sakka king of gods!"

The more, monks, Sakka king of gods proclaimed his name, the more did that ogre become ill-favored and dwarfish. And having become more ill-favored and dwarfish, he then and there disappeared.

Then, monks, Sakka king of gods sat down in his own seat, and appealing to the gods of the Thirty-three, uttered at that time the following stanzas:

I am not easily vexed in spirit,
I am not easily led into a turning,
I do not cherish anger long, be sure;
Anger has no abiding-place in me.

The Anger-Eating Ogre

I speak no harsh words in anger,
I do not praise my own virtues,
I restrain myself,
Intent on my own good.

12. The Patient Woman.

Patient is as patient does.

Majjhima i. 125-126.

On a certain occasion the Exalted One addressed the monks as follows: "Monks, put away evil; devote yourselves to good works: so shall you obtain increase, growth, development, in this Doctrine and Discipline."

In olden times, in this very city of Sāvatthi, lived a house-mistress named Vedehikā. Of Mistress Vedehikā prevailed the following excellent reputation: "Gentle is Mistress Vedehikā, meek is Mistress Vedehikā, tranquil is Mistress Vedehikā." And Mistress Vedehikā had a servant named Blackie who was capable and industrious and performed her duties well.

Now to Servant Blackie occurred the following thought: "Of my lady mistress prevails the following excellent reputation: 'Gentle is Mistress Vedehikā, meek is Mistress Vedehikā, tranquil is Mistress Vedehikā.' But has her ladyship, in point of fact, an inward temper which she does not reveal, or has she not? Or is it solely because I have performed these duties well that her ladyship does not reveal an inward temper which, in point of fact,

she does possess;—not because she does not possess it? Suppose I were to test her ladyship!"

Accordingly Servant Blackie got up late in the day. And Mistress Vedehikā said this to Servant Blackie: "See here, Blackie!" "What is it, my lady?" "Why did you get up so late?" "For no reason at all, my lady." "For no reason at all, worthless servant, you got up so late!" And Mistress Vedehikā frowned in anger and displeasure.

Then to Servant Blackie occurred the following thought: "Her ladyship does, in point of fact, possess an inward temper which she does not reveal;—it is not because she does not possess it. It is solely because I have performed these duties well that her ladyship does not reveal an inward temper which, in point of fact, she does possess;—it is not because she does not possess it. Suppose I were to test her ladyship further!"

Accordingly Servant Blackie got up later in the day. And Mistress Vedehikā said this to Servant Blackie: "See here, Blackie!" "What is it, my lady?" "Why did you get up so late?" "For no reason at all, my lady." "For no reason at all, worthless servant, you got up so late!" And in anger and displeasure Mistress Vedehikā gave vent to her displeasure in words.

Then to Servant Blackie occurred the following

thought: "Her ladyship does, in point of fact, possess an inward temper which she does not reveal;—it is not because she does not possess it. It is solely because I have performed these duties well that her ladyship does not reveal an inward temper which, in point of fact, she does possess;—it is not because she does not possess it. Suppose I were to test her ladyship further!"

Accordingly Servant Blackie got up even later in the day. And Mistress Vedehikā said this to Servant Blackie: "See here, Blackie!" "What is it, my lady?" "Why did you get up so late?" "For no reason at all, my lady." "For no reason at all, worthless servant, you got up so late!" And in anger and displeasure Mistress Vedehikā seized the pin of the door-bolt and gave her a blow on the head, breaking her head.

Thereupon Servant Blackie, with broken head streaming with blood, complained to the neighbors: "See, my lady, the work of the gentle woman! See, my lady, the work of the meek woman! See, my lady, the work of the tranquil woman! For this is the way a lady acts who keeps but a single servant: 'You got up too late!' says she. So what must she do but seize the pin of the door-bolt and give you a blow on the head and break your head!"

The result was that after a time Mistress Vede-

hikā acquired the following evil reputation: "Cruel is Mistress Vedehikā, no meek woman is Mistress Vedehikā, no tranquil woman is Mistress Vedehikā!"

"Precisely so, monks, here in this world, many a monk is ever so gentle, ever so meek, ever so tranquil, so long as unpleasant remarks do not reach him. But when, monks, unpleasant remarks reach a monk, that is the time to find out whether he is really gentle, really meek, really tranquil."

13. Blind Men and Elephant.

Avoid vain wrangling.

Udāna vi. 4: 66-69.

Thus have I heard: Once upon a time the Exalted One was in residence at Jetavana, near Sāvatthi. Now at that time there entered Sāvatthi for alms a company of heretics, both monks and Brahmans, wandering ascetics, holding heretical views, patient of heresy, delighting in heresy, relying upon the reliance of heretical views. There were some monks and Brahmans who held this doctrine, who held this view: "The world is eternal. This view alone is truth; any other is folly." But there were other monks and Brahmans who held this view: "The world is not eternal. This view alone is truth; any other is folly." Some held that the world is finite, others that the world is infinite. Some held that the soul and the body are identical, others that the soul and the body are distinct.

They quarreled and brawled and wrangled and struck one another with the daggers of their tongues, saying: "This is right, that is not right;" "This is not right, that is right."

Now in the morning a company of monks put on their undergarments, took bowl and robe, and entered Sāvatthi for alms. And when they had made their alms-pilgrimage in Sāvatthi, they returned from their pilgrimage. And when they had eaten their breakfast, they approached the Exalted One. And having approached, they saluted the Exalted One and sat down on one side. And sitting on one side, those monks reported the matter to the Exalted One.

"The heretics, O monks, the wandering ascetics, are blind, without eyes; know not good, know not evil; know not right, know not wrong. Knowing not good, knowing not evil, knowing

not right, knowing not wrong, they quarrel and brawl and wrangle and strike one another with the daggers of their tongues, saying: 'This is right, that is not right;' 'This is not right, that is right.' "

In olden times, in this very city of Sāvatthi, there was a certain king. And that king ordered a certain man: "Come, my man, assemble in one place all the men in Sāvatthi who are blind from birth." "Yes, your majesty," said that man to that king. And when, in obedience to the king's command, he had laid hands on all the men in Sāvatthi who were blind from birth, he approached that king. And having approached, he said this to that king: "Your majesty, the blind from birth in Sāvatthi are assembled for you." "Very well! Now let the blind men feel of the elephant." "Yes, your majesty," said that man to that king. And in obedience to the king's command he let the blind men feel of the elephant, saying: "This, O blind men, is what an elephant is like."

Some of the blind men he let feel of the elephant's head, saying: "This, O blind men, is what an elephant is like." Some of the blind men he let feel of the elephant's ears, saying: "This, O blind men, is what an elephant is like." Some of the blind men he let feel of the elephant's tusks, saying: "This, O blind men, is what an elephant is like." Others he

let feel of the trunk, saying the same. Others he let feel of the belly, others of the legs, others of the back, others of the tail, saying to each and to all: "This, O blind men, is what an elephant is like."

Now when that man had let the blind men feel of the elephant, he approached that king. And having approached, he said this to that king: "Your majesty, those blind men have felt of the elephant; do as you think fit."

Then that king approached those blind men. And having approached, he said this to those blind men: "Blind men, have you felt of the elephant?" "Yes, your majesty, we have felt of the elephant." "Tell me, blind men, what is an elephant like?"

The blind men who had felt of the elephant's head, said: "Your majesty, an elephant is like a water-pot." The blind men who had felt of the elephant's ears, said: "Your majesty, an elephant is like a winnowing-basket." The blind men who had felt of the elephant's tusks, said: "Your majesty, an elephant is like a plow-share." Those who had felt of the trunk, said: "An elephant is like a plow-pole." Those who had felt of the belly, said: "An elephant is like a granary." Those who had felt of the legs, said: "An elephant is like pillars." Those who had felt of the back, said: "An elephant is like a mortar." The blind men who had felt of the ele-

phant's tail, said: "Your majesty, an elephant is like a fan."

And they fought among themselves with their fists, saying: "This is what an elephant is like, that is not what an elephant is like;" "This is not what an elephant is like, that is what an elephant is like." And thereat that king was delighted.

"Precisely so, O monks, the heretics, the wandering ascetics, are blind, without eyes; know not good, know not evil; know not right, know not wrong. Knowing not good, knowing not evil, knowing not right, knowing not wrong, they quarrel and brawl and wrangle and strike one another with the daggers of their tongues, saying: 'This is right, that is not right;' 'This is not right, that is right.' "

14. King and Boar.

Evil communications corrupt good manners.

Jātaka 186: ii. 101-106.

On a certain occasion the Teacher addressed the monks as follows: "Monks, contact with the corrupt is a bad thing, an injurious thing. Indeed, why should it be necessary to discuss the injurious effect on human beings of contact with the corrupt, when in times past even a senseless mango tree, with flavor as sweet as the flavor of celestial fruit, through contact with sour, unpalatable nimbs, turned sour and bitter?"

Part. 1. Gem, hatchet, drum, and bowl.

In times past, when Brahmadatta ruled at Benāres, four Brahman brothers in the kingdom of Kāsi adopted the life of ascetics, and building a row of leaf-huts in the Himālaya region, took up their abode there. The eldest of the four brothers died and was reborn as Sakka, king of gods. Knowing who he had been, he went from time to time, every seven or eight days, and ministered to his former brothers.

One day he saluted the eldest ascetic, sat down on one side, and asked: "Reverend Sir, is there anything you need?" The ascetic, who was suffering from jaundice, said: "I need fire." Sakka gave him a little hatchet. Said the ascetic: "Who will take

this and fetch me wood?" Then Sakka said to him: "When, Reverend Sir, you need wood, just rub this hatchet with your hand and say: 'Please fetch me wood and make me a fire.' And the hatchet will fetch wood, make a fire, and turn it over to you."

Having given him the little hatchet, Sakka went to the second ascetic and asked: "Reverend Sir, what do you need?" Past his leaf-hut ran an elephant-track. Since the elephants bothered him, he said: "The elephants annoy me; drive them away." Sakka presented a drum to him, saying, "Reverend Sir, if you beat this side, your enemies will flee; if you beat that, they will become kindly disposed and will surround you with a fourfold army."

Having given him the drum, Sakka went to the youngest ascetic and asked: "Reverend Sir, what do you want?" He also was afflicted with jaundice; therefore he said: "I want curds." Sakka gave him a bowl of curds, saying: "If you invert this and make a wish, the curds will turn into a mighty river, will set flowing a mighty flood, and will even be able to get and give you a kingdom." So saying, he went his way.

From that time on the little hatchet made fire for the eldest brother; when the second brother beat the drum, the elephants fled; the youngest brother enjoyed his curds.

King and Boar

At that time a boar, rooting among the ruins of a village, caught sight of a gem endowed with magical power. He bit the gem, and by its magical power rose into the air. Seeing a little island in mid-ocean, he thought: "There now is the place for me to live." So he descended and made his home in a pleasant place under a fig tree.

One day the boar lay down at the foot of that tree, placed the gem in front of him, and fell asleep.

Now a certain man who lived in the kingdom of Kāsi, driven from home by his mother and father with the remark, "He's no good to us," went to a certain seaport, hired himself out to mariners, and embarked on a ship. In mid-ocean the ship sprang a leak, and he floated to that island on a plank. While seeking wild fruits he saw that boar. Creeping up, he seized the gem. By its magical power he rose into the air. Seating himself on the fig tree, he thought: "This boar, become an air-voyager by the magical power of this gem, lives here, I suppose. But I must not go back without first of all killing him and eating his flesh." He broke off a twig and let it fall on the boar's head. The boar woke up, but not seeing the gem, ran this way and that, all of a tremble. The man sitting in the tree laughed. The boar looked, and seeing him, ran his head against the tree, and died then and there. The man came down,

made a fire, and cooked the boar's flesh and ate it. Then he rose into the air and passed over the tops of the Himālayas.

Seeing a region of hermitages, he descended at the hermitage of the eldest ascetic. He lived there for two or three days, performed the major and minor duties for the ascetic, and saw the magical power of the little hatchet. "This I must get," thought he. Accordingly, after demonstrating to the ascetic the magical power of the gem, he said: "Reverend Sir, take this gem and give me the little hatchet." The ascetic, having a desire to travel through the air, took the gem and gave him the little hatchet.

The man took the little hatchet and went a short distance. Then he rubbed the little hatchet and said: "Little hatchet, chop off the ascetic's head and bring me the gem." The little hatchet went and chopped off the ascetic's head and brought him the gem. The man put the little hatchet in a secret place, and then went to the second ascetic and lived with him for a few days. Seeing the magical power of the drum, he gave the second ascetic the gem, took the drum, and in the same way as before caused his head also to be cut off. Then he approached the youngest ascetic. Seeing the magical power of the bowl of curds, he gave the youngest ascetic the gem, took the bowl

He bit the gem, and by its magical power rose into the air.

of curds, and in the same way as before caused his head to be cut off.

Then he took the gem and the little hatchet and the drum and the bowl of curds, and rose into the air. Halting not far from Benāres, he sent, by the hand of a certain man, the following message to the king of Benāres: "Give me battle or the kingdom!" As soon as the king heard the message, he said: "Let's catch the bandit;" and sallied forth. The man beat the proper side of the drum, and a fourfold army surrounded him. Perceiving that the king had deployed his forces, he turned the bowl of curds loose. A mighty river began to flow, and the multitude sank down in the curds and were unable to extricate themselves. Then he rubbed the little hatchet and said: "Bring me the king's head." The little hatchet went and brought the king's head and laid it at his feet. Not a single soldier had the power to lift a weapon. Accompanied by a mighty force, the man entered the city and caused himself to be sprinkled king. Having become king under the name King of the Curds, he ruled with righteousness.

Part 2. Corrupt fruit from a good tree.

One day, while he was amusing himself in the mighty river, in an enclosure formed by a net, there

floated up and lodged in the net a single mango fruit fit for the gods. When they lifted the net they saw it and gave it to the king. It was of large size, as big as a water-pot, perfectly round, and of a golden color. The king asked his foresters: "What is that the fruit of?" "The fruit of a mango tree." Having eaten it, he caused the stone to be planted in his own garden, and to be sprinkled with milk and water. The tree sprouted, and in the third year bore fruit.

Great was the honor rendered to the mango. They sprinkled it with milk and water, they made marks of the spread hand with scented ointment on it, they festooned it with wreaths and ropes of flowers, they burned lamps with perfumed oil before it, and round about it they hung a curtain of fine cloth.

The fruit was sweet and of a golden color. When the king sent the fruit of the mango to other kings, he pierced with a thorn the spot where the sprout starts, for fear a tree might sprout from the stone. When, after eating the mango fruit, they planted the stone, nothing happened. "What, pray, can be the cause of this?" they inquired, and discovered the cause.

Now a certain other king summoned his gardener and asked: "Can you spoil the flavor of my rival's mango fruit and make it bitter?" "Yes, your

majesty." "Very well, go." So saying, he gave him a thousand pieces of money and sent him off. The gardener went to Benāres, caused the king to be informed that a gardener had arrived, managed to have himself summoned by the king, and entering the palace, made obeisance to the king. "Are you the gardener?" asked the king. "Yes, your majesty," said the gardener, and described his own marvelous powers. Said the king: "Go, assist our gardener."

From that time on the two men cared for the garden. The newly arrived gardener caused flowers to blossom out of season and fruits to grow out of season, and made the garden a charming place. The king, pleased with the new gardener, dismissed the old gardener, and gave the new gardener exclusive charge of the garden. The new gardener, realizing that the garden was in his own hands, planted nimbs and pot-herbs and creepers all around the mango tree.

In the course of time the nimbs grew up. Roots with roots, branches with branches, were in contact, entangled, intertwined. Merely through this contact with the sour, unpalatable nimbs, the sweet fruit of the mango turned bitter, and its flavor became like the flavor of the leaves of the nimbs. The

gardener, knowing that the fruit of the mango had turned bitter, fled.

The king went to the garden and ate a mango fruit. As soon as he put the mango into his mouth, perceiving that the juice tasted like the vile juice of the nimb, he was unable to swallow it, and coughing it up, spat it out. Now at that time the Future Buddha was his counsellor in temporal and spiritual matters. The king addressed the Future Buddha: "Wise man, this tree is just as well cared for now as it was of old. But in spite of this, its fruit has turned bitter. What, pray, is the reason?" And by way of inquiry he uttered the first stanza:

Color, fragrance, flavor, had this mango before.
Receiving the same honor, why has the mango bitter fruit?

Then the Future Buddha told him the reason by uttering the second stanza:

Your mango, O king, is surrounded with nimbs,
Root touches root, branches entwine about branches.
Through contact with the bad, therefore your mango has bitter fruit.

The king, hearing his words, had every one of the nimbs and pot-herbs chopped down, the roots pulled up, the sour earth round about removed, sweet earth put in its place, and the mango fed with milk and water, sweetened water, and perfumed water.

Through contact with sweet juices the mango became perfectly sweet again. The king gave the regular gardener sole charge of the garden, and after living out his allotted term of life, passed away according to his deeds.

15. A Buddhist Henny-Penny.

Much ado about nothing.

Jātaka 322: iii. 74–78.

On a certain occasion the Teacher, referring to the self-mortification of the Hindu ascetics, said to the monks: "Monks, there is no value, no merit, in their self-mortification. It is like the 'rat-a-tat' the little hare heard." Said the monks: "We do not understand what you mean by saying that it is like the 'rat-a-tat' the little hare heard. Tell us about it, Reverend Sir." So in response to their request the Teacher related the following Story of the Past:

In times past, when Brahmadatta ruled at Benāres, the Future Buddha was reborn as a lion, and when he grew up, lived in a forest. At that time, near the Western Ocean, grew a grove of cocoanut trees intermingled with Vilva trees. There, at the foot of a Vilva tree, under a cocoanut sapling, lived a little hare. One day, returning with food, he lay down under a cocoanut leaf and thought: "If this earth should collapse, what would ever become of me?"

At that very instant a Vilva fruit fell on top of the cocoanut leaf. At the sound of it the little hare thought: "This earth is certainly collapsing!" And springing to his feet, back he ran, without so much as taking a look. As he was running away as fast as

he could in fear of death, another little hare saw him and asked: "Why, pray, are you running away in such a fright?" "Oh, don't ask me!" And he kept right on running, in spite of the fact that the other little hare kept asking: "Oh! what is it? Oh! what is it?" The other little hare turned around, and without so much as taking a look, said: "The earth is collapsing here!" He also ran away, following the first.

In the same way a third little hare saw the second, and a fourth the third, until finally there were a hundred thousand little hares running away together. A deer saw them,—also a boar, an elk, a buffalo, an ox, a rhinoceros, a tiger, a lion, and an elephant. Seeing, each asked: "What's this?" "The earth is collapsing here!" Each ran away. Thus, in the course of time, there was an army of animals a league in size.

At that time the Future Buddha, seeing that army running away, asked: "What's this?" "The earth is collapsing here!" When the Future Buddha heard this, he thought: "No such thing! The earth is collapsing nowhere! It must certainly be that they failed to understand something they heard. But if I do not put forth effort, they will all perish. I will grant them their lives."

With the speed of a lion he preceded them to the

foot of a mountain and thrice roared the roar of a lion. Terrified with fear of the lion, they turned around and stood all huddled together. The lion made his way in among them and asked: "Why are you running away?" "The earth is collapsing!" "Who saw it collapsing?" "The elephants know." He asked the elephants. Said the elephants: "We don't know; the lions know." Said the lions: "We don't know; the tigers know." The tigers: "The rhinoceroses know." The rhinoceroses: "The oxen know." The oxen: "The buffaloes." The buffaloes: "The elks." The elks: "The boars." The boars: "The deer." The deer: "We don't know; the little hares know."

When the little hares were asked, they pointed out that little hare and said: "He's the one that told us." So the lion asked the little hare: "Friend, is it true, as you say, that the earth is collapsing?" "Yes, master, I saw it." "Where were you living when you saw it?" asked the lion. "Near the Western Ocean, in a grove of cocoanut trees mingled with Vilva trees. For there, at the foot of a Vilva tree, under a cocoanut sapling, beneath a cocoanut leaf, I lay and thought: 'If the earth collapses, where shall I go?' That very instant I heard the sound of the earth collapsing. So I ran away."

The lion thought: "Evidently a Vilva fruit fell

on top of that cocoanut leaf and made a 'rat-a-tat,' and this hare here, hearing that sound, came to the conclusion: 'The earth is collapsing!' I will find out for a fact." So the lion, taking the little hare with him, reassured the throng, saying: "I am going to find out for a fact whether or not the earth collapsed at the spot where the little hare saw what he saw; having so done, I will return. Until I return, all of you remain right here."

So taking the little hare on his back, he sprang forward with the speed of a lion. And setting the little hare down in the cocoanut grove, he said: "Come, show me the spot where you saw what you saw." "I don't dare, master." "Come, don't be afraid." The little hare, not daring to approach the Vilva tree, stood no great distance off and said: "That, master, is the spot where it went 'rat-a-tat.' " So saying, he uttered the first stanza:

> "Rat-a-tat" it went,—I wish you luck,—
> In the region where I dwell.
> But as for me, I do not know
> What made that "rat-a-tat."

When the little hare said this, the lion went to the foot of the Vilva tree, looked at the spot beneath the cocoanut leaf where the little hare had lain, and observed that a Vilva fruit had fallen on top of the cocoanut leaf. And knowing for a fact that the earth

had not collapsed, he took the little hare on his back, went quickly, with the speed of a lion, to the assemblage of animals, informed them of all the facts, reassured the throng of animals by saying, "Fear not," and released the little hare.

For if, at that time, the Future Buddha had not come to the rescue, they would all have run down into the sea and perished. It was through the Future Buddha that they obtained their lives.

Hearing a Vilva fruit fall,—"rat-a-tat,"—the hare ran.
Hearing the hare's words, a host of animals were frightened.

Those who have not attained consciousness of their portion,
Those who follow the voice of others,
Those who are given to heedlessness,—the foolish,—
They attain what others attain.

But those who are endowed with morality,
Those who delight in the tranquillity of wisdom,
Those who abstain and refrain from worldly delights,—the wise,—
They attain what others attain not.

(These three stanzas were uttered by the Supremely Enlightened One.)

When the Teacher had related this parable, he identified the personages in the Birth-story as follows: "At that time the lion was I myself."

So taking the little hare on his back, he sprang forward with the speed of a lion.

16. The Birds.

Nobody loves a beggar.

Vinaya iii. 147-148.

On a certain occasion the Exalted One reproved the monks for begging. Said he:

In olden times a certain monk dwelt on a slope of Himavat in a certain forest-grove. Not far from that forest-grove was a great marsh, a swamp. Now a large flock of birds sought food in that swamp in the daytime, returning to that forest-grove at eventide to roost. Now that monk, driven away by the noise of that flock of birds, approached me, and having approached, saluted me and sat down on one side. And as he sat on one side, I said this to that monk:

"I trust, monk, that you have suffered no discomfort. I trust that you have received sufficient sustenance. I trust that you have made your journey without fatigue. And, monk, whence have you come?"

"I have suffered no discomfort, Exalted One. I have received sufficient sustenance. I have made my journey without fatigue. Reverend Sir, on a slope of Himavat is a large forest-grove. And not far

from that forest-grove is a great marsh, a swamp. Now a large flock of birds seek food in that swamp in the daytime, returning to that forest-grove at eventide to roost. Thence, Reverend Sir, do I come, driven away by the noise of that flock of birds."

"But, monk, do you wish that flock of birds never to come back again?" "I wish that flock of birds never to come back again."

"Well then, monk, go there, plunge into that forest-grove, and throughout the watches of the night cry out: 'Let the pretty birds hear me, as many as roost in this forest-grove! I want feathers! Let the pretty birds each give me a feather!' "

So that monk went there, plunged into that forest-grove, and throughout the watches of the night cried out: "Let the pretty birds hear me, as many as roost in this forest-grove! I want feathers! Let the pretty birds each give me a feather!"

Thereupon that flock of birds, reflecting, "The monk begs feathers, the monk wants feathers," departed from that forest-grove. When they departed, they departed indeed, and never came back again.

"For, monks, to living beings in the form of animals, begging is said to have been offensive, hinting is said to have been offensive. How much more so must it be to human beings!"

17. Dragon Jewel-Neck.

Nobody loves a beggar.

A. Canonical version.

Vinaya iii. 145-147.

On a certain occasion the Exalted One reproved the monks for begging. Said he:

In olden times two ascetics, brothers, lived by the Ganges river. Now Jewel-neck, a dragon-king, came out of the Ganges, approached the younger ascetic, and having approached, encircled the younger ascetic seven times with his coils and rose and spread his huge hood over his head. And the younger ascetic, for fear of that dragon, became lean, dried-up, pale, yellow as ever was yellow, his body strewn with veins.

The older ascetic saw the younger ascetic lean, dried-up, pale, yellow as ever was yellow, his body strewn with veins. Seeing, he said this to the younger ascetic: "Why are you lean, dried-up, pale, yellow as ever was yellow, your body strewn with veins?" "While I was here, Jewel-neck, a dragon-king, came out of the Ganges river, approached me, and having approached, encircled me seven times

with his coils and rose and spread his huge hood over my head. For fear of him I am lean, dried-up, pale, yellow as ever was yellow, my body strewn with veins."

"But do you wish that dragon never to come back again?" "I wish that dragon never to come back again." "Well, but do you see anything on that dragon?" "I see he wears a jewel on his neck." "Well then, ask that dragon for the jewel, saying: 'Give me the jewel! I want the jewel!' "

Now Jewel-neck the dragon-king came out of the Ganges river, approached the younger ascetic, and having approached, stood aside. As he stood aside, the younger ascetic said this to Jewel-neck the dragon-king: "Give me the jewel! I want the jewel!" Thereupon Jewel-neck the dragon-king, reflecting, "The monk begs the jewel, the monk wants the jewel," quickly enough departed.

Three times did the younger ascetic beg the jewel of Jewel-neck the dragon-king, and three times did Jewel-neck the dragon-king depart. The third time, Jewel-neck the dragon-king addressed the younger ascetic with stanzas:

> My food and drink, abundant, choice,
> I get by the power of this jewel.
> This I will not give you,—you ask too much;
> Nor will I even come back again to your hermitage.

Like a lad with sand-washed sword in hand,
You frighten me, asking for the stone.
This I will not give you,—you ask too much;
Nor will I even come back again to your hermitage.

Thereupon Jewel-neck the dragon-king, reflecting, "The monk begs the jewel, the monk wants the jewel," departed. When he departed, he departed indeed, and never came back again. And the younger ascetic, because he saw no more that dragon so fair to see, became more than ever lean, dried-up, pale, yellow as ever was yellow, his body strewn with veins.

When the older ascetic saw the younger ascetic altered in appearance, he inquired the reason. The younger ascetic told him. Then the older ascetic addressed the younger ascetic with a stanza:

One should not beg or seek to get what is dear to another.
Odious does one become by asking overmuch.
When the Brahman asked the dragon for the jewel,
Never again did the dragon let himself be seen.

"For, monks, to living beings in the form of animals, begging is said to have been offensive, hinting is said to have been offensive. How much more so must it be to human beings!"

Dragon Jewel-Neck

B. Uncanonical version.

Jātaka 253: ii. 283-286.

On a certain occasion the Exalted One reproved the monks for begging. Said he: "Monks, begging is offensive even to dragons, though the World of Dragons wherein they dwell is filled to overflowing with the Seven Jewels. How much more so must it be to human beings, from whom it is as difficult to wring a penny as it is to skin a flint!" So saying, he related the following Story of the Past:

In times past, when Brahmadatta ruled at Benāres, the Future Buddha was reborn in a Brahman household of great wealth. When he was old enough to walk and could run hither and thither, another being of merit also received a new existence as his brother. When both brothers reached manhood, their mother and father died. In agitation of heart over their death, both brothers adopted the life of ascetics, and building leaf-huts on the bank of the Ganges, took up their residence there. The older brother's hut was up the Ganges; the younger brother's hut was down the Ganges.

Now one day a dragon-king named Jewel-neck came forth from the World of Dragons, walked along the bank of the Ganges disguised as a Brahman youth, came to the hermitage of the younger ascetic, bowed, and sat down on one side. The

dragon-king and the younger ascetic greeted each other in a cordial manner, and became fast friends and inseparable companions.

Every day Jewel-neck would come to the hermitage of the younger ascetic and sit down and talk and converse with him. When it was time for him to go, out of affection for the ascetic he would lay aside his human form, encircle the ascetic with his coils, and embrace him, holding his huge hood over his head. Having remained in this position for a time, and having dispelled his affection, he would unwind his body, bow to the ascetic, and go back again to his own abode.

The ascetic, for fear of him, became lean, dried-up, pale, yellow as ever was yellow, his body strewn with veins. One day he went to visit his brother. The latter asked him: "Why are you lean, dried-up, pale, yellow as ever was yellow, your body strewn with veins?" He told him the facts. The older ascetic asked: "But do you or do you not wish that dragon never to come back again?" The younger ascetic said: "I do not." "But when that dragon-king comes to your hermitage, what ornament does he wear?" "A jewel."

"Well then, when that dragon-king comes to your hermitage, before he has a chance to sit down, ask, saying: 'Give me the jewel.' If you do so, that

dragon-king will depart without so much as encircling you with his coils. On the next day you must stand at the door of your hermitage and ask him just as he approaches. On the third day you must stand on the bank of the Ganges and ask him just as he comes out of the water. If you do so, he will not come back to your hermitage."

"Very well," assented the ascetic, and went to his own leaf-hut. On the next day the dragon-king came and stopped at the hermitage. The moment he stopped, the ascetic asked: "Give me this jewel you wear." Without so much as sitting down, the dragon-king fled. On the second day the ascetic, standing at the door of the hermitage, said to the dragon-king just as he approached: "Yesterday you would not give me the jewel; to-day I must have it." Without so much as entering the hermitage, the dragon-king fled. On the third day the ascetic said to the dragon-king just as he came out of the water: "This is the third day I have asked; give me this jewel now." The dragon-king, still remaining in the water, refused the ascetic, reciting these two stanzas:

> My food and drink, abundant, choice,
> I get by the power of this jewel.
> This I will not give you,—you ask too much;
> Nor will I even come back again to your hermitage.

Every day Jewel-neck the dragon-king would encircle him with his coils.

Like a lad with sand-washed sword in hand,
You frighten me, asking for the stone.
This I will not give you,—you ask too much;
Nor will I even come back again to your hermitage.

So saying, that dragon-king plunged into the water, went back to his own World of Dragons, and never came back again. And that ascetic, because he saw no more that dragon-king so fair to see, became more than ever lean, dried-up, pale, yellow as ever was yellow, his body strewn with veins.

Now the older ascetic, thinking, "I will find out how my younger brother is getting on," went to visit him. Seeing that he was suffering more than ever from jaundice, he said: "How comes it that you are suffering more than ever from jaundice?" "Because I see no more that dragon so fair to see." "This ascetic cannot get along without the dragon-king," concluded the older ascetic, and recited the third stanza:

One should not beg or seek to get what is dear to another.
Odious does one become by asking overmuch.
When the Brahman asked the dragon for the jewel,
Never again did the dragon let himself be seen.

Having thus addressed him, the older ascetic comforted him, saying: "Henceforth grieve not;" and went back again to his own hermitage.

Dragon Jewel-Neck

Said the Teacher: "Thus, monks, even to dragons, though the World of Dragons wherein they dwell is filled to overflowing with the Seven Jewels, begging is offensive. How much more so must it be to human beings!" And having completed this parable, he identified the personages in the Birth-story as follows: "At that time the younger brother was my favorite disciple, but the older brother was I myself."

18. Snake-Charm.

A blessing upon all living beings!

A. Canonical version.

Vinaya ii. 109-110.

Now at that time a certain monk was bitten by a snake and died. They reported that fact to the Exalted One.

ASSUREDLY, monks, that monk had not suffused the four royal families of snakes with friendly thoughts. For, monks, if that monk had suffused the four royal families of snakes with friendly thoughts, in that case, monks, that monk would not have been bitten by a snake and died.

What are the four royal families of snakes?

The Virūpakkhas are a royal family of snakes.

The Erāpathas are a royal family of snakes.

The Chabyāputtas are a royal family of snakes.

The Black Gotamakas are a royal family of snakes.

Assuredly, monks, that monk had not suffused the four royal families of snakes with friendly thoughts. For, monks, if that monk had suffused the four royal families of snakes with friendly thoughts,

in that case, monks, that monk would not have been bitten by a snake and died.

I permit you, monks, to suffuse these four royal families of snakes with friendly thoughts; for self-preservation, for self-defense, to effect Protection of Self. And this, monks, may be effected in the following way:

There is friendship 'twixt me and Virūpakkha snakes,
There is friendship 'twixt me and Erāpatha snakes,
There is friendship 'twixt me and Chabyāputta snakes,
There is friendship 'twixt me and Black Gotamaka snakes.

There is friendship 'twixt me and living beings without feet,
There is friendship 'twixt me and living beings with two feet,
There is friendship 'twixt me and living beings with four feet,
There is friendship 'twixt me and living beings with many feet.

Let no living being without feet injure me!
Let no living being with two feet injure me!
Let no living being with four feet injure me!
Let no living being with many feet injure me!

Let all creatures that live,—let all creatures that breathe,—
Let all creatures that exist,—one and all,—
Let all meet with prosperity!
Let none come unto any adversity!

Infinite is the Buddha! Infinite is the Doctrine! Infinite is the Order!

Finite are creeping things,—snakes and scorpions, centipedes, spiders and lizards, rats and mice!

Snake-Charm

I have wrought defense for myself!
I have wrought protection for myself!
Begone, living beings!
I here do homage to the Exalted One
And to the Seven Supreme Buddhas!

B. Uncanonical version.

Jātaka 203: ii. 144-148.

There is friendship 'twixt me and Virūpakkha snakes. This parable was related by the Teacher while he was in residence at Jetavana with reference to a certain monk.

The story goes that while he was splitting wood at the door of the room where the monks took hot baths, a snake came out of a hole in a rotten log and bit him on the big toe. He died on the spot. The news of his death and of how he came to die spread throughout the monastery. In the Hall of Truth the monks began to discuss the incident: "Brethren, such-and-such a monk, they say, while splitting wood at the door of the room where the monks take hot baths, was bitten by a snake and died on the spot."

The Teacher drew near and inquired: "Monks, what is the subject that engages your attention as you sit here all gathered together?" "Such-and-such," said they. "Monks," said the Teacher, "if that monk had cultivated friendship for the four royal families of snakes, the snake would not have bitten him. For even ascetics of old, before a Buddha had arisen, cultivated friendship for the four royal families of snakes, and thus obtained deliverance from the perils that arose through those royal families of snakes." So saying, he related the following Story of the Past:

Snake-Charm

In times past, when Brahmadatta ruled at Benāres, the Future Buddha was reborn in the kingdom of Kāsi in the household of a Brahman. When he reached manhood, he renounced the pleasures of sense, retired from the world and adopted the life of an ascetic, and developed the Supernatural Powers and the Attainments. By supernatural power, in the region of Himavat, at a bend in the Ganges, he created a hermitage, and there he resided, surrounded by a company of ascetics, diverting himself with the diversions of the Trances.

At that time, on the bank of the Ganges, reptiles of various kinds wrought such havoc among the ascetics that many of them lost their lives. Ascetics reported that fact to the Future Buddha. The Future Buddha caused all of the ascetics to be assembled, and said to them: "If you would cultivate friendship for the four royal families of snakes, the snakes would not bite you. Therefore from this time forth, cultivate friendship for the four royal families of snakes in the following way." So saying, he recited this stanza:

> There is friendship 'twixt me and Virūpakkha snakes,
> There is friendship 'twixt me and Erāpatha snakes,
> There is friendship 'twixt me and Chabyāputta snakes,
> There is friendship 'twixt me and Black Gotamaka snakes.

Having thus pointed out to them the four royal

families of serpents, he said: "In case you are successful in cultivating friendship for these, reptiles will not bite you or annoy you." So saying, he recited the second stanza:

There is friendship 'twixt me and living beings without feet,
There is friendship 'twixt me and living beings with two feet,
There is friendship 'twixt me and living beings with four feet,
There is friendship 'twixt me and living beings with many feet.

Having thus set forth Cultivation of Friendship in the usual form, he next set it forth by way of prayer, reciting this stanza:

Let no living being without feet injure me!
Let no living being with two feet injure me!
Let no living being with four feet injure me!
Let no living being with many feet injure me!

Next, setting forth Cultivation of Friendship without respect of persons, he recited this stanza:

Let all creatures that live,—let all creatures that breathe,—
Let all creatures that exist,—one and all,—
Let all meet with prosperity!
Let none come unto any adversity!

"Thus," said he, "cultivate friendship for all living beings without respect of persons." Having so said, he spoke once more, to bid them meditate on the virtues of the Three Jewels. Said he: "Infinite

is the Buddha! Infinite is the Doctrine! Infinite is the Order!"

When the Future Buddha had thus pointed out that the virtues of the Three Jewels are infinite, he said: "Meditate on the virtues of these Three Jewels." Having so said, in order to point out that living beings are finite, he continued: "Finite are creeping things,—snakes, scorpions, centipedes, spiders, lizards, rats and mice!"

Having so said, the Future Buddha declared: "Since lust, ill-will, and delusion, which exist in these creatures, are the qualities which make creatures finite, therefore these creeping things are finite." And he said: "By the supernatural power of the Three Jewels, which are infinite, let those of us who are finite, obtain protection for ourselves both by night and by day." And he said: "Thus meditate on the virtues of the Three Jewels." Having so said, in order to point out what more must yet be done, he recited this stanza:

> I have wrought defense for myself!
> I have wrought protection for myself!
> Begone, living beings!
> I here do homage to the Exalted One
> And to the Seven Supreme Buddhas!

Said the Future Buddha: "In the very act of rendering homage, meditate on the Seven Buddhas."

Thus the Future Buddha composed this protective charm for the company of ascetics and gave it to them.

From that time on the company of ascetics, abiding steadfast in the admonition of the Future Buddha, cultivated friendliness, meditated on the virtues of the Buddhas. Even as they thus meditated on the virtues of the Buddhas, all of the reptiles disappeared. As for the Future Buddha, through the cultivation of the Exalted States, he attained the goal of the World of Brahmā.

19. Partridge, Monkey, and Elephant.

Reverence your elders.

A. Canonical version.

Vinaya ii. 161-162.

On a certain occasion the Exalted One admonished a company of monks to show proper respect for their elders. Said he:

In former times, monks, on a slope of Himavat, grew a huge banyan tree. Near it lived three friends: a partridge and a monkey and an elephant. They lived without respect or deference for each other, having no common life. Now, monks, to these friends occurred the following thought: "If only we knew which one of us was the oldest, we would respect, reverence, venerate, and honor him, and we would abide steadfast in his admonitions."

Accordingly, monks, the partridge and the monkey asked the elephant: "How far back, sir, can you remember?" "Sirs, when I was a youngster, I used to walk over this banyan tree, keeping it between my thighs; the little tips of the shoots would just touch my belly. As far back as that, sirs, can I remember."

Next, monks, the partridge and the elephant asked the monkey: "How far back, sir, can you

remember?" "Sirs, when I was a youngster, I used to sit on the ground and eat the little tips of the shoots of this banyan tree. As far back as that, sirs, can I remember."

Finally, monks, the monkey and the elephant asked the partridge: "How far back, sir, can you remember?" "In yonder open space, sirs, grew a huge banyan tree. I ate one of its fruits and dropped the seed in this place. From that sprang this banyan tree. At that time also, sirs, I was the oldest."

Thereupon, monks, the monkey and the elephant said this to the partridge: "You, sir, are our elder. You will we respect, reverence, venerate, and honor, and in your admonitions will we abide steadfast."

Accordingly, monks, the partridge prevailed upon the monkey and the elephant to take upon themselves the Five Precepts, and himself also took upon himself the Five Precepts and walked therein. They lived in respect and deference for each other, and had a common life. After death, upon dissolution of the body, they were reborn in a place of bliss, in a heavenly world. This, monks, was called the Holy Life of the Partridge.

> Men versed in the Law who honor the aged
> Have praise even in this life
> And in the next life are in bliss.

Partridge, Monkey, and Elephant

B. Uncanonical version.

Jātaka 37: i. 217-220.

On a certain occasion the Teacher admonished a company of monks to show proper respect for their elders. Said he: "In former times, monks, even animals reflected: 'But it is not becoming in us that we should live without respect or deference for each other, having no common life. Let us find out which one of us is the oldest, and to him let us offer respectful greetings and the other marks of courtesy.' And when, after diligent inquiry, they knew, 'He is our elder,' to him did they offer respectful greetings and the other marks of courtesy. And having so done, they departed, fulfilling the Path to Heaven." So saying, he related the following Story of the Past:

In times past, on a slope of Himavat, near a certain huge banyan tree, lived three friends: a partridge, a monkey, an elephant. They were without respect or deference for each other, having no common life. And to them occurred the following thought: "It is not proper for us to live thus. Suppose we were to live hereafter offering respectful greetings and the other marks of courtesy to that one of us who is the oldest!" "But which one of us is the oldest?" they considered. "This is the way!" said the three animals one day as they sat at the foot of the banyan tree.

So the partridge and the monkey asked the elephant: "Master elephant, since how long have you known this banyan tree?" He said: "Friends, when

I was a young elephant, I used to go with this banyan sapling between my thighs. Moreover, when I stood with the tree between my thighs, the tips of its branches used to rub against my belly. Thus I have known this tree from the time it was a sapling."

Next the other two animals, in the same way as before, asked the monkey. He said: "Friends, when I was a young monkey, I used to sit on the earth, extend my neck, and eat the tips of the shoots of this banyan tree. Thus I have known it since it was very small."

Finally the other two animals, in the same way as before, asked the partridge. He said: "Friends, in former times, in such-and-such a place, grew a huge banyan tree. I ate its fruits and dropped its seed in this place. From that sprang this tree. Thus I know this tree from the time when it had not yet sprouted. Therefore I am older than you." Thus spoke the partridge.

Thereupon the monkey and the elephant said to the wise partridge: "Master, you are older than we. Henceforth to you will we offer respect, reverence, veneration, salutation, and honor; to you will we offer respectful greeting, rising on meeting, homage with joined hands, and proper courtesy; in your admonitions will we abide steadfast. From this time

forth, therefore, be good enough to give us admonition and needed instruction."

From that time forth the partridge gave them admonition, established them in the Precepts, and himself also took upon himself the Precepts. And those three animals, established in the Precepts, showed respect and deference for each other, and had a common life. When their life was come to an end, they attained the goal of a heavenly world. The taking upon themselves by these three animals of the Precepts was called the Holy Life of the Partridge.

"For, monks, those animals lived in respect and deference for each other. Why is it that you, who have retired from the world under a Doctrine and Discipline so well taught, do not live in respect and deference for each other?"

When the Teacher had thus related this parable, he assumed the prerogative of One Supremely Enlightened and uttered the following stanza:

> Men versed in the Law who honor the aged
> Have praise even in this life
> And in the next life are in bliss.

When the Teacher had thus extolled the practice of honoring the oldest, he joined the connection and identified the personages in the Birth-story as follows: "At that time the elephant was one of my disciples, the monkey was another, but the wise partridge was I myself."

20. The Hawk.

Walk not in forbidden ground.

A. Canonical version.

Saṁyutta v. 146-148.

Thus have I heard: Once upon a time the Exalted One was in residence at Jetavana. At that time the Exalted One addressed the monks: "Monks!" "Reverend Sir!" replied those monks to the Exalted One. The Exalted One said this:

In olden times, monks, a hawk attacked a quail with violence and caught it. Now, monks, as the hawk was carrying off the quail, the quail thus lamented: "I am indeed unfortunate, I possess little merit,— I who walked in forbidden ground, in a foreign region. If to-day I had walked in my own ground, in the region of my fathers, this hawk would not have been equal to a combat with me."

"But, quail, what is your feeding-ground? What is the region of your fathers?"

"A field of clods, turned up by the plow."

Then, monks, the hawk, not exerting his strength, not asserting his strength, released the quail. "Go, quail! Even there you will not escape from me." Then, monks, the quail went to the field of clods, turned up by the plow, and mounting a big clod,

stood and called the hawk: "Come now, hawk, I dare you! Come now, hawk, I dare you!"

Then, monks, the hawk, exerting his strength, asserting his strength, flapped both his wings and attacked the quail with violence. When, monks, the quail knew: "This hawk is coming for me with a vengeance!" he entered a crack in that very clod. And, monks, the hawk struck his breast against that very clod.

"For, monks, so it goes with whoever walks in forbidden ground, in a foreign region. Therefore, monks, walk not in forbidden ground, in a foreign region. If, monks, you walk in forbidden ground, in a foreign region, the Evil One will obtain entrance, the Evil One will obtain lodgment. And what, monks, is forbidden ground, a foreign region? The Five Pleasures of Sense. What are the Five? Pleasurable Sights, Sounds, Odors, Tastes, Contacts. And what, monks, is lawful ground, the region of the fathers? The Four Earnest Meditations. What are the Four? Meditation on the Body, on the Sensations, on the Thoughts, on the Conditions of Existence. Walk, monks, in lawful ground, in the region of the fathers. If, monks, you walk in lawful ground, in the region of the fathers, the Evil One will not obtain entrance, the Evil One will not obtain lodgment."

B. Uncanonical version.

Jātaka 168: ii. 58-60.

A hawk flying strong. This stanza was recited by the Teacher while in residence at Jetavana to explain his own

meaning in the Parable of the Bird. For one day the Teacher addressed the monks: "Walk, monks, in lawful ground, in the region of the fathers." Then he said: "You just stay where you belong. In former times even animals, because they left their own ancestral region and walked in forbidden ground, fell into the hands of their enemies, but through their own intelligence and resourcefulness escaped from the hands of their enemies." So saying, he related the following Story of the Past:

In times past, when Brahmadatta ruled at Benāres, the Future Buddha was reborn as a quail, and made his home in a field of clods, turned up by the plow. One day he said to himself: "I will seek food in a foreign region." So he left off seeking food in his own region and went to the edge of a wood. Now while he was picking up food there, a hawk saw him and attacked him with violence and caught him. As the hawk was carrying off the quail, the quail thus lamented: "I am indeed mighty unfortunate, I possess very little merit,—I who walked in forbidden ground, in a foreign region. If to-day I had walked in my own ground, in the region of my fathers, this hawk would certainly not have been equal to coming to a combat with me."

"But, quail, what is your feeding-ground? What is the region of your fathers?"

"A field of clods, turned up by the plow."

Then the hawk, not exerting his strength, released him. "Go, quail! Even there you will not escape."

The quail went there, and mounting a big clod, stood and cried to the hawk: "Come now, hawk!"

The hawk, exerting his strength, flapped both his wings and attacked the quail with violence. But when the quail knew: "This hawk is coming for me with a vengeance!" he turned and entered a crack in that very clod. The hawk, unable to check his speed, struck his breast against that very clod. Thus the hawk, with heart broken and eyes bulging out, met destruction.

When the Teacher had related this Story of the Past, he said: "Thus, monks, even animals, when they walk in forbidden ground, fall into the hands of their adversaries; but when they walk in their own ground, in the region of their fathers, they humble their adversaries. Therefore you also must not walk in forbidden ground, in a foreign region. If, monks, you walk in forbidden ground, in a foreign region, the Evil One will obtain entrance, the Evil One will obtain lodgment. If, monks, you walk in lawful ground, in the region of the fathers, the Evil One will not obtain entrance, the Evil One will not obtain lodgment." Then, revealing his omniscience, he uttered the first stanza:

A hawk flying strong, attacked with violence
A quail standing in his feeding-ground, and thus met death.

Now when the hawk had thus met his death, the quail came out and exclaimed: "I have seen the back of my enemy!" And standing on his heart and

breathing forth a solemn utterance, the quail uttered the second stanza:

> Endowed with sense, delighting in my own feeding-ground,
> My enemy gone, I rejoice, intent on my own good.

The Teacher, having proclaimed the Truths by the narration of this fable, identified the personages in the Birth-story as follows: "At that time the hawk was Devadatta, but the quail was I myself."

21. How Not To Hit an Insect.

Better an enemy with sense than a friend without it.

A. Boy and mosquito.

Jātaka 44: i. 246-248.

Better an enemy. This parable was related by the Teacher while he was journeying from place to place in the country of the Magadhas, in a certain little village, with reference to some foolish villagers.

The story goes that once upon a time the Teacher went from Sāvatthi to the kingdom of Magadha, and journeying about from place to place in that kingdom, arrived at a certain little village. Now that village was inhabited for the most part by men who were utter fools. There one day those utter fools of men assembled and took counsel together, saying: "Folks, when we enter the forest and do our work, the mosquitoes eat us up, and because of this our work is interrupted. Let us, every one, take bows and weapons, go and fight with the mosquitoes, pierce and cut all the mosquitoes, and thus make way with them." They went to the forest with the thought in their minds, "We'll pierce the mosquitoes." But they pierced and hit one another and came to grief, and on their return, lay down within the boundaries of the village, in the village-square, and at the village-gate.

The Teacher, surrounded by the Congregation of Monks, entered that village for alms. The rest of the inhabitants, being wise men, seeing the Exalted One, erected a pavilion at the village-gate, gave abundant alms to the Congregation of Monks presided over by the Buddha, saluted the Teacher, and sat down. The Teacher, seeing wounded men lying here and there,

asked those lay disciples: "Here are many men who are in a bad way. What have they done?" "Reverend Sir, these men started out with the thought in their minds, 'We'll have a fight with the mosquitoes.' But they pierced one another and returned themselves the worse for wear." Said the Teacher: "Not only in their present state of existence have utter fools of men, with the thought in their minds, 'We'll hit mosquitoes,' hit themselves; in a previous state of existence also they were the very men who, with the thought in their minds, 'We'll hit a mosquito,' hit something very different." Then, in response to a request of those men, he related the following Story of the Past:

In times past, when Brahmadatta ruled at Benāres, the Future Buddha made his living by trading. At that time, in the kingdom of Kāsi, in a certain frontier village, dwelt many carpenters. There a certain grey-haired carpenter was planing a tree. Now a mosquito settled on his head,—his head looked like the surface of a copper bowl!—and pierced his head with his stinger, just as though he were sticking him with a spear. Said he to his son who sat beside him: "Son, a mosquito is stinging me on the head,—it feels just as if he were sticking me with a spear! Shoo him away!" "Father, wait a moment! I'll kill him with a single blow!"

At that time the Future Buddha also, seeking wares for himself, having reached that village, was sitting in that carpenter's hut. Well, that carpenter said to his son: "Shoo this mosquito off!" "I'll shoo

him off, father!" replied the son. Taking his stand immediately behind his father, the son, with the thought in his mind, "I'll hit the mosquito!" raised aloft a big, sharp axe, and split the skull of his father in two. The carpenter died on the spot. The Future Buddha, seeing what the son had done, thought: "Even an enemy, if he be a wise man, is better; for an enemy, though it be from fear of human vengeance, will not kill." And he uttered the following stanza:

> Better an enemy with sense
> Than a friend without it,
> For with the words, "I'll kill a mosquito!"
> A son,—both deaf and dumb!—
> Split his father's skull!

Having uttered this stanza, the Future Buddha arose and passed away according to his deeds. As for the carpenter, his kinsfolk did their duty by his body.

Said the Teacher: "Thus, lay disciples, in a previous state of existence also they were the very men who, with the thought in their minds, 'We'll hit a mosquito,' hit something very different." Having related this parable, he joined the connection and identified the personages in the Birth-story as follows: "But the wise man who uttered the stanza and departed on that occasion was I myself."

Girl and Fly

B. Girl and fly.

Jātaka 45: i. 248-249.

Better an enemy. This parable was related by the Teacher while he was in residence at Jetavana with reference to a certain slave-girl.

A certain wealthy merchant, we are told, had a slave-girl. Where she was pounding rice, her old mother came in and lay down. Flies buzzed round her and ate her up, just as though they were piercing her with needles. She said to her daughter: "My dear, the flies are eating me up. Shoo them off!" "I'll shoo them off!" replied the daughter. Raising her pestle aloft, intending to kill the flies, with the thought in her mind, "I'll make way with them!" she struck her mother with the pestle and killed her. When she saw what she had done, she began to weep: "Mother! Mother!"

They reported that incident to the merchant. The merchant had her body attended to, and went to the monastery and reported the whole incident to the Teacher. Said the Teacher: "Verily, householder, not only in her present state of existence has this girl, with the thought in her mind, 'I'll kill the flies on my mother's head!' struck her mother with a pestle and killed her; in a previous state of existence also she killed her mother in the very same way." And in response to the merchant's request, he related the following Story of the Past:

In times past, when Brahmadatta ruled at Benāres, the Future Buddha was reborn in a merchant's household, and on the death of his father, succeeded to the post of merchant. He also had a slave-girl. She also, when her mother came to the

place where she was pounding rice and said to her, "My dear, shoo the flies away from me!"—she also, in the very same way, struck her mother with a pestle and killed her and began to weep. The Future Buddha, hearing of that incident, thought: "For even an enemy in this world, if only he be a wise man, is better!" And he uttered the following stanza:

> Better an enemy who is intelligent
> Than a well-disposed person who is a fool!
> Look at that wretched little slave-girl!
> She killed her mother, and now,—she weeps!

With this stanza did the Future Buddha preach the Doctrine, praising the man of wisdom.

Said the Teacher: "Verily, householder, not only in her present state of existence has this girl, with the thought in her mind, 'I'll kill flies!' caused the death of her mother; in a previous state of existence also she caused the death of her mother in the very same way." Having related this parable, he joined the connection and identified the personages in the Birth-story as follows: "At that time that very mother was the mother, that very daughter was the daughter, but the wealthy merchant was I myself."

22. Monkey-Gardeners.

Misdirected effort spells failure.

A. One-stanza version.

Jātaka 46: i. 249-251.

Never, in the hands of one who knows not what is good. This parable was related by the Teacher in a certain little village in the country of the Kosalas with reference to one who spoiled a garden.

The story goes that the Teacher, while journeying from place to place in the country of the Kosalas, arrived at a certain little village. There a certain householder invited the Teacher, provided seats in his garden, gave alms to the Congregation of Monks presided over by the Buddha, and said: "Reverend Sirs, walk about in this garden according to your pleasure."

The monks arose, and accompanied by the gardener, walked about the garden. Seeing a certain bare spot, they asked the gardener: "Disciple, everywhere else this garden has dense shade, but in this spot there is not so much as a tree or a shrub. What, pray, is the reason for this?" "Reverend Sirs, when this garden was planted, a certain village boy watered it. In this spot he pulled up the young trees by the roots, and according as the roots were large or small, watered them plentifully or sparingly. Those young trees withered and died. That's how this spot comes to be so bare!"

The monks approached the Teacher and reported that matter to him. Said the Teacher: "Not only in his present state of existence has that village boy spoiled a garden; in a pre-

vious state of existence also he did naught but spoil a garden." So saying, he related the following Story of the Past:

In times past, when Brahmadatta ruled at Benāres, a holiday was proclaimed. From the moment they heard the holiday drum, the residents of the entire city went about making holiday.

At that time many monkeys lived in the king's garden. The gardener thought: "A holiday has been proclaimed in the city. I'll tell these monkeys to water the garden, and then I'll go make holiday." Approaching the leader of the monkeys, he said: "Master monkey-leader, this garden is of great use even to you. Here you eat flowers and fruits and shoots. A holiday has been proclaimed in the city. I'm going to make holiday." And he asked him the question: "Can you water the young trees in this garden until I come back?" "Yes, indeed, I'll water them." "Very well," said the gardener; "be heedful." So saying, he gave those monkeys water-skins and wooden water-pots to use in watering the trees, and departed. The monkeys took the water-skins and wooden water-pots and watered the young trees.

Now the leader of the monkeys said to the monkeys: "Master-monkeys, the water must not be wasted. When you water the young trees, pull them up by the roots, every one; look at the roots; water

"When you water the young trees, pull them up by the roots, every one."

plentifully the roots that strike deep, but sparingly the roots that do not strike deep; later on we shall have a hard time getting water." "Very well," said the monkeys, promising to do as he told them to. And they did so.

At that time a certain wise man saw those monkeys working away in the king's garden, and said to them: "Master-monkeys, why are you pulling up by the roots every one of those young trees and watering them plentifully or sparingly according as the roots are large or small?" The monkeys replied: "That's what the monkey who is our leader told us to do." When the wise man heard that reply, he thought: "Alas! alas! Those that are fools, those that lack wisdom, say to themselves: 'We'll do good.' But harm's the only thing they do!" And he uttered the following stanza:

> Never, in the hands of one who knows not what is good,
> Does a good undertaking turn out happily.
> A man who lacks intelligence spoils what is good
> Like the monkey who worked in the garden.

Thus, with this stanza, did that wise man censure the leader of the monkeys. Having so done, he departed from the garden with his followers.

Said the Teacher: "Not only in his present state of existence has that village boy spoiled a garden; in a previous state of existence also he did naught but spoil a garden." Having related

this parable, he joined the connection and identified the personages in the Birth-story as follows: "At that time the leader of the monkeys was the village boy who spoiled a garden, but the wise man was I myself."

B. Three-stanza version.

Jātaka 268: ii. 345-347.

If the monkey considered the best of the crowd. This parable was related by the Teacher in the South Mountain region with reference to a certain gardener's son.

The story goes that the Teacher, after keeping residence for the period of the rains, departed from Jetavana and journeyed from place to place in the South Mountain region. Now a certain lay disciple invited the Congregation of Monks presided over by the Buddha, provided seats in his garden, delighted them with rice-gruel and hard food, and said: "Noble sirs, if you desire to take a walk about the garden, go with this gardener." And he gave orders to the gardener: "Pray give the noble monks fruits and other such-like edibles."

As the monks walked about, they saw a certain cleared space, and asked: "This space is cleared, without growing trees; what, pray, is the reason for this?" Then the gardener told them: "The story goes that a certain gardener's son once watered the saplings. 'I'll water them plentifully or sparingly according as the roots are large or small,' thought he. So he pulled them up by the roots and watered them plentifully or sparingly according as the roots were large or small. That's how this space comes to be cleared!"

The monks went to the Teacher and reported that matter to him. Said the Teacher: "Not only in his present state of existence has that youth spoiled a garden; in a previous state

of existence also he did naught but spoil a garden." So saying, he related the following Story of the Past:

In times past, when Vissasena ruled at Benāres, a holiday was proclaimed. Thought the gardener: "I'll go make holiday;" and said to the monkeys who lived in the garden: "This garden is of great use to you. I'm going to make holiday for seven days. You must water the saplings on the seventh day." "Very well," said they, consenting. He gave them little water-skins and departed.

The monkeys did as they were told and watered the saplings. Now the leader of the monkeys said to the monkeys: "Wait a moment! Water is at all times hard to get; it must not be wasted. What you must do is to pull up the saplings by the roots, note the length of the roots, water plentifully the saplings that have long roots, but sparingly those that have short roots." "Very well," said the monkeys, and went about watering the saplings, some of them pulling the saplings up by the roots and others planting them again.

At that time the Future Buddha was the son of a certain notable in Benāres. Having occasion, for some purpose or other, to go to the garden, he saw those monkeys working away, and asked them: "Who told you to do this?" "The monkey who is our leader." "Well! if this is the wisdom of your leader,

what must yours be like!" And explaining the matter, he uttered the first stanza:

> If the monkey considered the best of the crowd
> Has wisdom like this,
> Then what in the world must the others be like?

Hearing this remark, the monkeys uttered the second stanza:

> Brahman, you don't know what you are talking about
> When you blame us like this;
> For how, unless we see the roots,
> Can we know whether the tree stands firm?

Hearing their reply, the Future Buddha uttered the third stanza:

> It isn't you I blame,—not I,—
> Nor the other monkeys in the wood;
> Vissasena alone is the one to blame,
> Who asked you to tend his trees for him.

When the Teacher had related this parable, he identified the personages in the Birth-story as follows: "At that time the leader of the monkeys was the youth who spoiled the garden, but the wise man was I myself."

23. Two Dicers.

Take care!

A. Canonical version.

Dīgha ii. 348-349.

In olden times two dicers played at dice. The first dicer swallowed every ace. The second dicer saw that dicer swallow every ace. Seeing, he said this to that dicer: "You, sir, have it all your own way. Give me the dice, sir; I must hurry away." "Yes, sir," said that dicer, and handed over the dice to that dicer.

Now that dicer painted the dice with poison, and said this to that dicer: "Come, sir, let us play at dice." "Yes, sir," said that dicer in assent to that dicer.

A second time also those dicers played at dice; a second time also that dicer swallowed every ace. The second dicer saw that dicer swallow for the second time also every ace. Seeing, he said this to that dicer:

> Smeared with the strongest poison
> Was the die the man swallowed, but knew it not.
> Swallow, O swallow, wicked dicer!
> Later it will taste bitter to you.

Two Dicers

B. Uncanonical version.

Jātaka 91: i. 379-380.

On a certain occasion the Exalted One reproved the monks for handling their property carelessly. Said he: "Monks, careless handling of property is like careless handling of deadly poison. For men of old, through carelessness, not knowing what was the matter, ate poison, and as a result experienced great suffering." So saying, he related the following Story of the Past:

In times past, when Brahmadatta ruled at Benāres, the Future Buddha was reborn in a household of great wealth. When he reached manhood, he became a dicer. Now a second dicer used to play with the Future Buddha, and he was a cheat. So long as he was winning, he would not break the play-ring; but when he lost, he would put a die in his mouth, say, "A die is lost!" break the play-ring, and make off.

The Future Buddha, knowing the reason for this, said: "Let be! I shall find some way of dealing with him." So taking the dice to his own home, he painted them with deadly poison and let them dry thoroughly. Then, taking them with him, he went to the second dicer's and said: "Come, sir, let us play at dice." "Yes, sir," said the second dicer, and marked out the play-ring.

As the second dicer played with the Future Buddha, he lost, and put a die in his mouth. Now the

Future Buddha, seeing him do this, said: "Just swallow! Later you will know what that is." And to rebuke him he recited the following stanza:

> Smeared with the strongest poison
> Was the die the man swallowed, but knew it not.
> Swallow, O swallow, wicked dicer!
> Later it will taste bitter to you.

Even as the Future Buddha spoke, he swooned from the effect of the poison, rolled his eyes, dropped his shoulders, and fell. Said the Future Buddha: "Now I must grant him his life." So giving him an emetic containing herbs, he made him vomit. Then, giving him ghee, honey, and sugar to eat, he made him well. Finally he admonished him: "Never do such a thing again." And having performed almsgiving and the other works of merit, the Future Buddha passed away according to his deeds.

When the Teacher had completed this parable, he said: "Monks, careless handling of property is like careless handling of deadly poison." Then he identified the personages in the Birth-story as follows: "At that time the wise dicer was I myself."

24. Two Caravan-Leaders.

Be prudent!

A. Canonical version.

Dīgha ii. 342-346.

In olden times a great caravan of a thousand carts went from the eastern country to the western country. Wherever it went, very quickly were consumed grass, sticks, water, and pot-herbs. Now over that caravan were two caravan-leaders, one over five hundred carts, one over five hundred carts. And to these caravan-leaders occurred the following thought: "This is a great caravan of a thousand carts. Wherever we go, very quickly are consumed grass, sticks, water, and pot-herbs. Suppose we were to divide this caravan into two caravans of five hundred carts each!" They divided that caravan into two caravans, one of five hundred carts, one of five hundred carts. One caravan-leader only loaded his carts with abundant grass and sticks and water, and started his caravan forward.

Now when he had proceeded a journey of two or three days, that caravan-leader saw coming in the opposite direction in a chariot drawn by asses, a

black man with bloodshot eyes, with ungirt quiver, wearing a garland of lilies, his garments wet, the hair of his head wet, the wheels of his chariot smeared with mud. Seeing, he said this: "Whence, sir, do you come?" "From such-and-such a country." "Whither do you intend to go?" "To such-and-such a country." "Evidently, sir, farther on in the wilderness a heavy rain has been in progress." "Yes, indeed, sir. Farther on in the wilderness a heavy rain has been in progress. The roads are drenched with water; abundant are grass and sticks and water. Throw away, sir, the old grass, sticks, and water; with lightly burdened carts go ever so quickly; do not overburden the conveyances."

Now that caravan-leader told his drivers what that man had said, and gave orders as follows: "Throw away the old grass, sticks, and water; with lightly burdened carts start the caravan forward." "Yes, sir," said those drivers to that caravan-leader. And in obedience to his command they threw away the old grass, sticks, and water, and with lightly burdened carts started the caravan forward. Neither in the first stage of the journey, nor in the second, nor in the third, nor in the fourth, nor in the fifth, nor in the sixth, nor in the seventh, did they see grass or sticks or water; they all met destruction and death. And all that were in that caravan, whether

men or beasts, did that ogre, that demon, devour, leaving only the bare bones.

When the second caravan-leader knew, "It is now a long time since that caravan started out," he loaded his carts with abundant grass and sticks and water, and started his caravan forward. Now when he had proceeded a journey of two or three days, this caravan-leader saw coming in the opposite direction in a chariot drawn by asses, a black man with bloodshot eyes, with ungirt quiver, wearing a garland of lilies, his garments wet, the hair of his head wet, the wheels of his chariot smeared with mud. Seeing, he said this: "Whence, sir, do you come?" "From such-and-such a country." "Whither do you intend to go?" "To such-and-such a country." "Evidently, sir, farther on in the wilderness a heavy rain has been in progress." "Yes, indeed, sir. Farther on in the wilderness a heavy rain has been in progress. The roads are drenched with water; abundant are grass and sticks and water. Throw away, sir, the old grass, sticks, and water; with lightly burdened carts go ever so quickly; do not overburden the conveyances."

Now that caravan-leader told his drivers what that man had said, adding: "This man surely is no friend of ours, no kinsman or blood-relative. How can we trust him on our journey? On no account

must the old grass, sticks, and water, be thrown away. Start the caravan forward, leaving the things just as they are. I will not permit you to throw away the old." "Yes, sir," said those drivers to that caravan-leader. And in obedience to his command they started the caravan forward, leaving the things just as they were. Neither in the first stage of the journey, nor in the second, nor in the third, nor in the fourth, nor in the fifth, nor in the sixth, nor in the seventh, did they see grass or sticks or water; but they saw that caravan in destruction and ruin. And of those that were in that caravan, whether men or beasts, they saw only the bare bones, for they had been eaten by that ogre, by that demon.

Thereupon that caravan-leader addressed his drivers: "This caravan here met destruction and ruin solely through the folly of that foolish caravan-leader who acted as its guide. Now then, throw away those wares in our own caravan which are of little worth, and take those wares in this other caravan which are of great worth." "Yes, sir," said those drivers to that caravan-leader. And in obedience to his command they threw away all those wares in their own caravan which were of little worth, and took those wares in that other caravan which were of great worth. And they passed in safety through

that wilderness solely through the wisdom of that wise caravan-leader who acted as their guide.

B. Uncanonical version.

Jātaka 1: i. 95-106.

One day a wealthy merchant, accompanied by five hundred disciples of heretical teachers, went to Jetavana monastery, saluted the Exalted One, presented offerings, and sat down. Likewise did those disciples of heretical teachers salute the Teacher and sit down, close beside the merchant. And they gazed at the countenance of the Teacher, resplendent with the glory of the full moon; at his form, a form like that of Great Brahmā, adorned with the greater and lesser marks of beauty, encircled with a radiance a fathom deep; at the solid rays of a Buddha which issued from his body, forming, as it were, garland after garland and pair after pair.

And to them the Teacher, as it were a young lion roaring the lion's roar on a table-land in the Himālaya mountains, as it were a cloud thundering in the rainy season, as it were bringing down the Heavenly Ganges, as it were weaving a rope of jewels, with a voice like that of Great Brahmā, endowed with the Eight Excellences, captivating the ear, delighting the heart, preached a pleasing discourse on the Doctrine, diversified in divers ways.

The heretics, after listening to the discourse of the Teacher, believed in their hearts, and rising from their seats, burst asunder the refuge of the heretical teachers and sought refuge in the Buddha. From that time on they regularly accompanied the merchant to the monastery with offerings, listened to the Doctrine, gave alms, kept the Precepts, observed Fast-day. Now the Exalted One departed from Sāvatthi and went back

again to Rājagaha. When the Teacher departed, the heretics burst that refuge asunder, sought refuge once more in the heretical teachers, lapsed once more into their former position.

When the Exalted One returned to Sāvatthi and learned what had happened, he said to those backsliders: "Laymen, in former times also men mistook for a refuge what was no refuge at all, grasped with the grasp of reason, with the grasp of contradiction, and in a wilderness haunted by demons came to a sorry end, becoming the food of ogres. But men who laid hold of Truth absolute, certain, consistent, obtained safety in that very wilderness." Having so said, he became silent.

Thereupon the merchant, rising from his seat, saluted and applauded the Exalted One. And joining his hands and pressing them to his head in token of reverent salutation, he spoke as follows: "Reverend Sir, it is clear to us that these laymen just now burst asunder the Supreme Refuge and chose instead speculation. But the fact that in former times, in a wilderness haunted by demons, men who chose speculation were destroyed, while men who chose Absolute Truth were saved,—that fact is hidden from us and clear to you alone. It were indeed well were the Exalted One, as it were making the full moon rise in the heavens, to make this fact clear to us."

Then the Exalted One aroused the attention of the merchant by saying: "I, O householder, fulfilled the Ten Perfections during a period of time which cannot be measured, and penetrated Omniscience, for the sole purpose of rending asunder the doubt of the world. Lend ear and listen as attentively as though you were filling a golden tube with lion-marrow." Thereupon, as it were cleaving the Vault of the Snow and releasing the full moon, he revealed circumstances hidden by rebirth:

In times past, in the kingdom of Kāsi, in the city of Benāres, there was a king named Brahmadatta.

Two Caravan-Leaders

At that time the Future Buddha was reborn in the household of a caravan-leader. In the course of time he grew to manhood, and went about trading with five hundred carts. Sometimes he went from east to west, sometimes from west to east. In the same city of Benāres there was another caravan-leader besides, a foolish, short-sighted, resourceless fellow.

At that time the Future Buddha took a valuable lot of goods from Benāres, filled five hundred carts, made preparations for the journey, and was all ready to start. Likewise that foolish caravan-leader also filled five hundred carts, made preparations for the journey, and was all ready to start.

The Future Buddha thought: "If this foolish caravan-leader goes at the same time I go, and a thousand carts travel along the road together, even the road will not be big enough. It will be difficult for the men to find firewood and water, and difficult for the oxen to find grass. Either he or I should go first." So he had the man summoned, told him the situation, and said: "It is out of the question for both of us to go at the same time. Will you go first, or follow after?"

Thought the foolish caravan-leader: "There are many advantages in my going first. There will not be a single rut in the road over which I travel; my oxen will eat grass which has not been touched; my

men will have leaves for curry which have not been touched; the water will be clear; I can sell my goods at whatever price I choose to set." So he said: "I, sir, will go first."

As for the Future Buddha, he saw many advantages in going second, for the following considerations presented themselves to his mind: "Those who go first will make smooth the rough spots on the road; I shall go by the same road they have gone; the oxen that go first will eat the old tough grass, and my oxen will eat the fresh grass which will have sprung up in the meantime; wherever they pluck leaves, fresh leaves for curry will have sprung up and will be at the disposal of my men; in places where there is no water, they will dig wells and obtain a supply, and we shall drink water from wells dug by others. Moreover, price-fixing is like depriving men of life! If I go second, I can sell my goods for whatever price they have fixed." Accordingly, seeing all these advantages in going second, he said: "You, sir, go first." "Very well, sir," said the foolish caravan-leader. So harnessing his carts, he set out, and in due course passing beyond the habitations of men, he reached the mouth of the wilderness.

(Wildernesses are of five kinds: robber-wildernesses, beast-wildernesses, waterless wildernesses,

demon-wildernesses, famine-wildernesses. Where the road is infested with robbers, it is called a robber-wilderness. Where the road is infested with lions and other beasts of prey, it is called a beast-wilderness. Where there is no water for bathing or drinking, it is called a waterless wilderness. If it is infested with demons, it is called a demon-wilderness. If it lacks roots and hard food and soft food, it is called a famine-wilderness. Of these five kinds of wildernesses, this wilderness was both a waterless wilderness and a demon-wilderness.)

Therefore that caravan-leader set many huge chatties in the carts and had them filled with water before he struck into the sixty-league wilderness. Now when he reached the middle of the wilderness, the ogre who lived in the wilderness, thinking, "I will make these men throw away the water they took," created a car to delight the heart, drawn by pure white young oxen; and surrounded by ten or twelve demons bearing in their hands bow, quiver, shield, and weapon, decked with water-lilies both blue and white, head wet, garments wet, seated in that car like a very lord, the wheels of the car smeared with mud, came down that road from the opposite direction.

Both before him and behind him marched the demons who formed his retinue, heads wet, gar-

ments wet, decked with garlands of water-lilies both blue and white, carrying in their hands clusters of lotus-flowers both red and white, chewing the fibrous stalks of water-lilies, streaming with drops of water and mud.

Now caravan-leaders, when the wind is ahead, to avoid the dust, ride in front, sitting in their cars, surrounded by their attendants. When it blows from behind, they ride behind in precisely the same way. But at this time the wind was ahead; therefore that caravan-leader rode in front.

When the ogre saw him approaching, he caused his own car to turn out of the road and greeted him in a friendly manner, saying: "Where are you going?" The caravan-leader also caused his own car to turn out of the road, allowing room for the carts to pass, and standing aside, said to that ogre: "We, sir, are just approaching from Benāres. But you are approaching decked with water-lilies both blue and white, with lotus-flowers both red and white in your hands, chewing the fibrous stalks of water-lilies, smeared with mud, with drops of water streaming from you. Is it raining along the road by which you came? Are the lakes completely covered with water-lilies both blue and white, and lotus-flowers both red and white?"

When the ogre heard his words, he said: "Friend,

what's this you're saying? Do you see that dark green streak of woods? Beyond that point the entire forest is one mass of water; it rains all the time; the hollows are full of water; in this place and in that are lakes completely covered with lotus-flowers both red and white." As the carts passed, one after another, he inquired: "Where are you going with these carts?" "To such-and-such a country." "What are the goods you have in this cart,—and in that?" "Such-and-such."

"The cart that approaches last moves as though it were excessively heavy; what goods have you in that?" "There is water in that." "In bringing water thus far, of course, you have acted wisely. But beyond this point you have no occasion to carry water. Ahead of you water is abundant. Break the chatties to pieces, throw away the water, travel at ease." And having so said, he added: "You continue your journey; we have some business that detains us." The ogre went a little way, and when he was out of their sight, went back again to his own city of ogres.

Now that foolish caravan-leader, out of his own foolishness, took the advice of the ogre, broke the chatties to pieces, threw away all of the water, leaving not so much as a dribble, and caused the carts to move forward. Ahead there was not the slightest particle of water. For lack of water to drink the

men grew weary. They traveled until sundown, and then unharnessed the carts, drew them up in a contracted circle, and tied the oxen to the wheels. There was neither water for the oxen nor gruel and boiled rice for the men. The weakened men lay down here and there and went to sleep. At midnight the ogres approached from the city of ogres, slew both oxen and men, every one, devoured their flesh, leaving only the bare bones, and having so done, departed. Thus, by reason of a single foolish caravan-leader, they all met destruction. The bones of their hands and all their other bones lay scattered about in the four directions and the four intermediate directions; five hundred carts stood as full as ever.

As for the Future Buddha, he waited for a month and a half from the day when the foolish caravan-leader set out, and then set out from the city with five hundred carts. In due course he reached the mouth of the wilderness. There he had the water-chatties filled, putting in an abundant supply of water. Then, sending a drum around the camp, he assembled his men and spoke as follows: "Without first obtaining my permission, you must not use so much as a dribble of water. In the wilderness there are poison-trees: any leaf or flower or fruit which you have not previously eaten, you must not eat without first obtaining my permission." Having

thus admonished his men, he struck into the wilderness with his five hundred carts.

When he reached the middle of the wilderness, that ogre showed himself in the path of the Future Buddha in precisely the same way as before. When the Future Buddha saw him, he knew: "In this wilderness is no water; that is what is called a waterless wilderness. Moreover this fellow is fearless, red-eyed, casts no shadow. Without a doubt this fellow caused the foolish caravan-leader who went first to throw away all his water, and having thus brought weariness upon him and his company, devoured them. But, unless I am mistaken, he does not know how wise and resourceful I am."

Accordingly the Future Buddha said to the ogre: "You go your way. We are traders. Unless we see water farther on, we shall not throw away the water we have brought. But wherever we do see water, there we shall throw away the water we have brought, and having thus lightened our carts, shall continue our journey." The ogre went a little way, and when he was out of sight, went back again to his own city of ogres.

Now when the ogre had gone, the men asked the Future Buddha: "Noble sir, these men said: 'Do you see that dark green streak of woods? Beyond that point it rains all the time.' And the men who

said it approached garlanded with garlands of water-lilies both blue and white, carrying clusters of lotus-flowers both red and white, chewing the fibrous stalks of water-lilies, heads wet, garments wet, with drops of water streaming from them. Let us throw away the water and go quickly with lightened carts."

The Future Buddha, hearing their words, caused the carts to halt, assembled all of his men, and asked: "Has any one of you heard that there is either a lake or a pool in this wilderness?" "Noble sir, we have not so heard. This is what is called a waterless wilderness." "Just now some men said: 'Beyond that dark green streak of woods it is raining.' Now how far does a rain-wind blow?" "A matter of a league, noble sir." "But has a rain-wind touched the body of even a single one of you?" "It has not, noble sir." "How far off is a cloud-head visible?" "A matter of a league, noble sir." "But has any one of you seen even a single cloud-head?" "We have not, noble sir." "How far off is lightning visible?" "Four or five leagues, noble sir." "But has any one of you seen a flash of lightning?" "We have not, noble sir." "How far off can the sound of a cloud be heard?" "A matter of one or two leagues, noble sir." "But has any one of you heard the sound of a cloud?" "We have not, noble sir."

"Those are not human beings; those are ogres. They must have come with the thought in their minds: 'We will make these men throw away their water, weaken them, and devour them.' The foolish caravan-leader who went first was not resourceful. Undoubtedly he must have thrown away the water at their behest, grown weary, and been devoured; the five hundred carts must stand as full as ever. To-day we shall see them. Do not throw away even so much as a dribble of water, but drive ahead as fast as ever you can." With these words he bade them drive forward.

Proceeding, he saw the five hundred carts as full as ever, and the bones of the men's hands and all their other bones scattered in all directions. He had the carts unharnessed and a stockade built by drawing them into a contracted circle. He had both men and oxen given their supper betimes, and the oxen lie down in the centre of the circle formed by the men. He himself, assisted by the leaders of the force, kept watch during the three watches of the night, sword in hand, and allowed the dawn to rise upon him standing there.

On the following day, very early in the morning, he had his men do all their chores, feed the oxen, discard the weak carts, substitute strong ones, throw away goods of little value, substitute those of great

value. And going to the place where he would be, he sold his goods for twice or thrice the price, and together with his entire company went back again to his own city.

When the Teacher had related this parable, he said: "Thus, householder, in times past those who grasped with the grasp of speculation came to a sorry end, but those who grasped Absolute Truth escaped from the hands of demons, went in safety to the place where they would be, and went back again to their own place." And having thus joined the two parts of this Parable of Absolute Truth, he, the Supremely Enlightened, uttered the following stanza:

Some adhered to Absolute Truth, sophists to less than this.
Knowing this, a wise man should lay hold on Absolute Truth.

Said the Teacher in conclusion: "At that time the wise caravan-leader was I myself."

25. *Boar and Lion.*

"Eat me, O lion!"

Adapted from C. H. Tawney, Ocean of the Streams of Story (Kathāsaritsāgara), Chapter 72.

In times past there dwelt in a cave in the Vindhya mountains a wise boar, who was none other than the Buddha in a previous state of existence, and with him his friend a monkey. He was compassionate towards all living beings. One day there came to his cave a lion and a lioness and their cub. And the lion said to his mate: "Since the rains have hindered the movements of all living beings, we shall of a certainty perish for lack of some animal to eat." And the lioness said: "Of a certainty one or another of us is destined to die of hunger. Therefore do you and the cub eat me, for thus you will save your lives! Are you not my lord and master? Can you not get another mate like me? Therefore do you and the cub eat me, for thus you will save your lives!"

Now at that moment the wise boar awoke, and hearing the words of the lioness, was delighted, and thought to himself: "This is the fruit of the merit which I have acquired in previous states of existence. I will satisfy the hunger of my friends with my own body and blood." Then the wise boar arose from his

bed and went out of his cave and said to the lion: "My good friend, do not despair. For here I am, ready to be eaten by you and your mate and your cub. Eat me, O lion!" Now when the lion heard these words, he was delighted, and said to his mate: "Let our cub eat first; then I will eat, and you shall eat after me." The lioness agreed.

So first the cub ate some of the flesh of the wise boar, and then the lion began to eat. And while he was eating, the wise boar said to him: "Be quick and drink my blood before it sinks into the ground, and satisfy your hunger with my flesh, and let your mate eat what is left." So the lion gradually devoured the flesh until only the bones were left. But—wonderful to relate!—the wise boar did not die, for his life remained in him, as if to see how long his endurance would endure. In the meantime the lioness died of hunger in the cave, and the lion went off somewhere or other with his cub, and so the night came to an end.

Then the monkey awoke and went out of the cave, and seeing the wise boar reduced to a heap of bones, became greatly excited and exclaimed: "What reduced you to a heap of bones? Tell me, O friend, if you can." So the wise boar told him the whole story. Then the monkey did reverence to the wise boar, and said to him: "Tell me what you wish me to do, and

I will do it." The wise boar replied: "I wish only to have my body restored to me like as it was before, and to have the lioness that died of hunger restored to life again, that she may satisfy her hunger with my body and blood." Thereupon, as the fruit of the merit which the wise boar had acquired, he was transformed into a sage, and the monkey into a sage likewise.

26. Fairy-Prince and Griffin.

"Eat me, O griffin!"

Adapted from C. H. Tawney, Ocean of the Streams of Story (Kathāsaritsāgara), Chapters 22 and 90.

On a ridge of the Himālaya stands a city called the Golden City, for it gleams from afar like the rays of the sun. And in that city, once upon a time, lived the king of the fairies, and his name was Jīmūta-ketu. And in the garden of his palace grew a wishing-tree, and its name was Granter of Desires, for it granted all desires. By the favor of that tree the king obtained a son, who was none other than the Future Buddha, and his name was Jīmūta-vāhana. He was valiant in generosity, of mighty courage, and compassionate towards all living beings.

When Jīmūta-vāhana was become of age, his father made him crown-prince. Thus did he become the fairy-prince. And when he had become the fairy-prince, the ministers of the kingdom came to him and said: "O fairy-prince, do reverence always to this wishing-tree, for it grants all desires, and cannot be resisted by any living creature. For so long as we possess this tree, we cannot suffer injury of any kind from anyone, even from Indra, king of the gods, much less from any other."

When Jīmūta-vāhana heard these words, he thought to himself: "Alas! our forefathers, for all their possession of this noble tree, obtained by the favor of this tree naught but wealth and victory over their enemies; thus did they demean themselves, and thus did they demean this tree likewise. For no such purposes as these will I employ this tree. For I know that the good things of this world endure but for a short while, and then perish and vanish utterly. But friendliness and compassion and generosity towards all living beings yield abundant fruit, both in this world and in the next. As for wealth, if it be not used for the benefit of others, it is like lightning which for an instant stings the eye, and then flickers and vanishes. Therefore if this wishing-tree which we possess, and which grants all desires, be employed for the benefit of others, we shall reap from it all the fruit that it can give. Accordingly I will so act that by the wealth of this tree all living beings shall be delivered from poverty and distress."

Then Jīmūta-vāhana went to the wishing-tree and said: "O tree-spirit, thou that dost grant to us the fruit that we desire, fulfil to-day this one wish of mine: Deliver all living beings from poverty and distress." Straightway—wonderful to relate!—the wishing-tree showered a shower of gold upon the earth, and all living beings rejoiced thereat and be-

came well-disposed to Jīmūta-vāhana, and the fame and glory of him spread both near and far. But the relatives of Jīmūta-ketu, seeing that his throne was firmly established by the glory of his son, were moved to jealousy and became hostile to him. And because the kingdom of Jīmūta-ketu was weak, they determined to attack it and overthrow it, and to take possession of the wishing-tree that granted all desires. And they assembled and met together and began preparations to attack the kingdom of Jīmūta-ketu and to overthrow it and to take possession of the wishing-tree that granted all desires.

Thereupon Jīmūta-vāhana the fairy-prince said to Jīmūta-ketu the fairy-king his father: "Why should we seek to obtain new wealth, or to retain the wealth that we possess? Is not this body of ours like a bubble in the water, which bursts in an instant and vanishes? Is it not like a candle, which, when it is exposed to the wind, flickers for an instant and goes out? Should a wise man desire to obtain wealth or to retain it when it is obtained, by the killing of living beings? I will not fight with my relatives. Therefore I will leave my kingdom and go to some forest-hermitage. Let these miserable wretches do as they like, but let us not kill the members of our own family."

And Jīmūta-ketu the fairy-king said to Jīmūta-

vāhana the fairy-prince his son: "Then will I too go, my son. For what desire for rule can I have, who am old, when you, who are young, out of compassion towards all living beings, abandon your kingdom as though it were so much straw and stubble?" Thereupon Jīmūta-vāhana, with his father and mother, went to the Malaya mountain, and took up his abode in a forest-hermitage, the dwelling of the fairy-magicians, the Siddhas, where the brooks were hidden by the sandalwood trees, and devoted himself to the care of his father and mother.

One day, as he was roaming about with a companion, he came to a wood on the shore of the sea. There he saw many heaps of bones. And he said to his companion: "Whose bones are these?" His companion replied: "Give ear, and I will tell you the story in a few words."

Griffin and snakes.

In times past Kadrū and Vinatā, the two wives of Kashyapa, had a quarrel. Kadrū said that the horses of the Sun were black, and Vinatā said that they were white, and they made a wager that whichever of the two was wrong should become a slave of the other. Then Kadrū, bent on winning, actually induced her sons the snakes to defile the horses of the Sun by spitting venom over them; and showing

them to Vinatā thus defiled, she conquered her by a trick and made her her slave.

When the griffin, the son of Vinatā, heard of that, he came and tried to induce Kadrū to release Vinatā from slavery. Then the snakes, the sons of Kadrū, said to the griffin, the son of Vinatā: "O griffin, the gods have begun to churn the sea of milk. Fetch thence the drink of immortality and give it to us as a substitute, and then take your mother away with you." When the griffin heard these words, he went to the sea of milk and displayed his mighty prowess in order to obtain the drink of immortality. Then the god Vishnu, pleased with his mighty prowess, condescended to say to him: "I am pleased with thee; choose some boon." Then the griffin, angry because his mother had been made a slave, asked the following boon of Vishnu: "May the snakes become my food!" Vishnu granted him this boon. Now Indra, king of the gods, listened to the conversation, and when the griffin, by his mighty prowess, had obtained the drink of immortality, he said to him: "O griffin, take steps to prevent the foolish snakes from consuming the drink of immortality, and to enable me to take it away from them again." The griffin agreed, and elated by the boon of Vishnu, he went to the snakes with the vessel containing the drink of immortality.

And he called out from afar to the snakes: "To you have I brought the drink of immortality. Take it, and release my mother. But if you are afraid, I will put it on a bed of darbha-grass. So soon as my mother is released, I will go; therefore take the drink of immortality thence." Now the snakes were terrified by reason of the boon which Vishnu had granted to the griffin, and at once agreed to the bargain. Then the griffin set on a bed of darbha-grass the vessel containing the drink of immortality, and the snakes released his mother from slavery, and the griffin departed with her.

But while the snakes, not suspicious of a ruse, were in the very act of taking the drink of immortality, Indra, king of the gods, suddenly swooped down, and confounding them with his mighty prowess, carried off the vessel containing the drink of immortality. Then the snakes in despair licked the bed of darbha-grass with their tongues, thinking that there might be so much as a drop of the drink of immortality spilt thereon; whereupon—wonderful to relate—their tongues became split, and they became double-tongued for nothing..

Thus did the snakes fail to obtain the drink of immortality. And straightway their enemy the griffin, relying on the boon which he had obtained from Vishnu, swooped down on them and began to

devour them. And this he did again and again. And he wrought such havoc among them that the snakes in Pātāla were nigh unto death from sheer fright, and their females miscarried, and the whole race of the snakes was nigh unto utter destruction. Then Vāsuki, king of the snakes, fearing that the whole race of the snakes would be rooted out, begged the griffin to relent, and made the following agreement with him: "O king of birds, every day, on the hill that rises out of the sand of the sea, I will send you a single snake to eat. But you must not commit the folly of entering Pātāla, for by destroying utterly the whole race of the snakes, you will only defeat your own purpose." The griffin consented. So every day, on the hill that rises out of the sand of the sea, Vāsuki, king of the snakes, sends to the griffin, the king of the birds, a single snake to eat. And the griffin, the king of the birds, devours each day the snake which Vāsuki, king of the birds, sends to him to eat. These heaps of bones are the bones of the snakes which the griffin has eaten, and which, gradually accumulating, have come to look like the peak of a mountain.

Fairy-prince and griffin.

When Jīmūta-vāhana, the fairy-prince, embodiment of generosity and compassion towards all

living beings, heard this story from the lips of his companion, he was pricked to the heart. And he said to his companion: "Of a truth, Vāsuki, king of the snakes, is to be pitied, for that, like a coward, he delivers with his own hand into the hands of his most bitter enemy the snakes that are his subjects. Since he has a thousand faces and a thousand mouths, why can he not say with one of his mouths to the griffin who is his enemy: 'Eat me first, O griffin!'" Then did the noble-hearted Jīmūta-vāhana make the following Earnest Wish: "May I, by the sacrifice of my own body and blood, obtain Supreme Enlightenment!"

At that moment a servant summoned Jīmūta-vāhana's companion to return home, and Jīmūta-vāhana, embodiment of generosity and compassion towards all living beings, was left alone. And Jīmūta-vāhana roamed about alone, intent on carrying out the resolution which he had formed. And as he roamed about, he heard afar off a piteous sound of weeping. And drawing near, he beheld on a lofty slab of rock a youth of handsome appearance plunged in bitter grief. And by his side stood an officer of some monarch, as if he had brought him and left him there. And the youth was seeking to persuade an old woman who was weeping, to cease her weeping and return whence she had come.

And Jīmūta-vāhana stood and listened, melted with pity, eager to know who he might be, and she. And the old woman, overwhelmed with the burden of her grief, began to look again and again at the youth, and to lament her misfortune in the following words: "Alas, my son! thou that wast obtained by me at the cost of a hundred bitter pangs! Alas, virtuous youth! Alas, only scion of our family, where shall I behold thee again? Bereft of thee, thy father will be plunged into the darkness of sorrow, and will not for long endure to live. That body of thine, which would suffer even from the torch of the sun's rays,—how can it endure the agony of being devoured by the griffin? How comes it that Fate and the king of the snakes were able to discover thee, the only son of ill-starred me, though the world of the snakes is wide?" Thereupon the youth said: "Mother, I am afflicted enough as it is. Why do you afflict me more? Return to your home, I beg you. This is my last reverence to you. The griffin will soon be here." When the old woman heard those words, she cast her sorrowful eyes all around the horizon, and cried aloud: "Alas, I am undone! Who will deliver my son from death?"

Then Jīmūta-vāhana with joy and delight went up to the old woman and said: "Mother, I will deliver your son!"

When the old woman heard those words, she was frightened and terrified, for she thought that the griffin had come. And straightway she cried out: "Eat me, O griffin! eat me!" Then said the youth her son: "Mother, be not afraid, for this is no griffin!" Then said Jīmūta-vāhana: "Mother, I am the prince of the fairies, disguised in the garb of a man. I am come to deliver your son from death. I will give my own body and blood to the hungry griffin. Therefore return to your home, and take your son with you." But the old woman said: "By no means! for in a still higher sense you yourself are my very own son, since you have shown such a measure of compassion to me and my son at this time." Then said Jīmūta-vāhana: "I have formed a resolution, and you must not defeat my purpose."

Then said the youth: "O thou of great and noble heart! I cannot consent to save my own body at the cost of thine. Should a common stone be saved by the sacrifice of a precious stone? The world is full of those who, like myself, pity only themselves. But few in number are those who entertain sentiments of compassion for the whole world and for all the living beings that are therein." At that moment the trees began to sway with the wind of the wings of the griffin, and seemed to utter a cry of dissuasion. And the sea, churned by the wind, seemed with the

eyes of its bright-flashing jewels to be gazing in wonder and astonishment at the greatness of his courage and the depth of his compassion. Then came the griffin, hiding the heavens with his outspread wings. And swooping down, he smote the valiant hero Jīmūta-vāhana with his beak, and gripping him with his talons, carried him off from that slab of rock; and soaring aloft, flew quickly with him to a peak of the Malaya mountain, to eat him there. And Jīmūta-vāhana's crest-jewel was torn from his head, and drops of blood fell from his body, as the griffin carried him through the air. And while the griffin was devouring his body and blood, he uttered the following Earnest Wish: "May my body and blood be offered thus in every state of my existence, and may I not obtain rebirth in heaven or deliverance from the round of existences if thereby I shall be deprived of the opportunity of doing good to my neighbor!"

But afterwards, through the finding of his crest-jewel, his kinsfolk and friends effected his deliverance from the power of the griffin, and a goddess sprinkled him with a potion, whereupon he arose more glorious than before, with all his limbs made whole again. And the goddess said to him: "My son, I am pleased with this sacrifice of thy body and blood. Therefore I sprinkle thee king of the fairies,

and thy reign shall endure for a cycle of time." Thereupon a rain of flowers fell from the sky, and the drums of the gods resounded with approbation. And the griffin repented of his evil deeds, and said: "From this day henceforth I will not again eat snakes. As for those which I have already eaten, let them return to life again!" Then—wonderful to relate!—all the snakes that he had previously eaten returned to life again. Then Jīmūta-vāhana was escorted to the Himālaya, and was sprinkled king over all the kings of the fairies, and his reign endured for a cycle of time.

Glossary.

Ace. The losing throw at dice.

Ascetic. A man who has taken a vow to remain single, and to devote himself to fasting, bodily torture, and meditation as a means of escape from the horrors of repeated existences. Specifically, a monk belonging to some religious order other than the order of monks founded by Gotama Buddha.

Benāres. A sacred city of North India, situated on the Ganges. It was the capital of Kāsi.

Brahmā. The Supreme Being, the Invincible, the All-seeing, the Subduer, the Lord, the Maker, the Creator, the Ancient of Days, the Conqueror, the Ruler, the Father of all that are and are to be. Gotama ignored the question whether such a being exists.

Brahman. A man belonging to the priestly caste.

Buddha. See Introduction.

Casts no shadow. One of the marks of a demon.

Chatty. An earthenware vessel.

Crore. 10,000,000.

Devadatta. Cousin and enemy of Gotama. The Judas of Buddhism.

Enlightenment. See Introduction.

Exalted One. Title of Buddha.

Exalted States. Friendliness, Compassion, Sympathy, and Indifference.

Five Precepts. (1) Thou shalt not take the life of any living being. (2) Thou shalt not take that which is not given. (3) Thou shalt not give way to the sins of the flesh. (4) Thou shalt not speak falsehood. (5) Thou shalt avoid occasions of heedlessness through the use of liquor or spirits or other intoxicants.

Four Requisites. Robes, food, lodging, and medicine.

Fourfold Army. Infantry, cavalry, chariots, and elephants.

Future Buddha. See Introduction.

Ganges. A sacred river of North India, in the valley of which Buddhism took its rise. The Heavenly Ganges is the Milky Way.

Great Being. Title of a Future Buddha.

Heretic. A man who refuses to accept the teachings of Buddha.

Hermitage. Dwelling-place of a hermit or ascetic.

Heron's Call. Triumphant cry of an elephant.

Himālaya, Himavat. Literally, Abode of Snow. A range of mountains, the loftiest in the world, forming the northeastern border of India. The foothills of the Himālaya range were a favorite resort for monks and ascetics.

Inconceivable. 1 followed by 28 ciphers.

Jaws of Rāhu. Eclipses of the sun and moon were supposed to be due to the fact that they were swallowed from time to time by a demon named Rāhu, the Seizer.

Jetavana. Conqueror's Grove. Name of a monastery near Sāvatthi. The favorite residence of the Buddha.

Glossary

Kāsi. A country of North India of which Benāres was the capital.

Kelāsa. One of the principal peaks of the Himālaya range.

Kosala. A country lying north of Kāsi, of which Sāvatthi was the capital.

Lac. A scarlet dye.

Land of the Rose-apple. India. A Rose-apple (Jambu) tree is represented in the illustration to Story 15, lower right.

Marks of the spread hand. For good luck. The fingers were supposed to "point off" evil spirits.

Meru. Sineru. A vast mountain occupying the centre of each of an infinite number of worlds.

Monk. A man who has taken a vow to remain single, and to devote himself to meditation and good works in accordance with the teachings of the Buddha.

Nit. A fly's egg.

Play-ring. Before beginning play, dicers would draw a circle on the ground or floor. So long as the play continued, a dicer was bound to remain within the circle. By stepping outside of the circle, a dicer "broke" the play-ring and stopped the play.

Omniscience. Knowledge of all things. Enlightenment. By performing a work of merit and making an Earnest Wish thereby to attain Enlightenment in some future state of existence, a Future Buddha, as it were, sows the Seed of Omniscience.

Sāvatthi. A city of North India, the capital of Kosala.

Seven Buddhas. The oldest texts mention only seven

Buddhas. The Jātaka Book mentions twenty-four. Later, the number is increased indefinitely.

Sineru. See Meru.

Sprinkling. In ancient India kings were not anointed, but sprinkled.

Takkasilā. A city of Northwest India, the capital of Gandhāra. A famous seat of learning in ancient times.

Teacher. Title of Buddha.

Ten Perfections. Generosity, Morality, Renunciation, Wisdom, Energy, Patience, Truth, Resolution, Friendliness, Indifference.

Three Jewels. The Buddha, the Doctrine, and the Order of Monks.

Warrior. A man belonging to the military caste.

Yugandhara. One of seven vast circles of rock which surround Mount Meru.

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